The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1924 NUMBER 504

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The Week

THE critical situation in which the London Conference finds itself as we go to press is one which it was easy to foresee. France, despite her formal protestations, has revealed clearly in the negotiations that she is not ready to accept the Dawes Plan wholeheartedly and completely. The vital immediate feature of the plan is the $200,000,000 loan to be made to Germany chiefly by British and American bankers. For this loan there is of course no security unless Germany is assured two things: first, freedom from threat of renewed invasion, and second, treatment which in general is sufficiently fair and humane to enlist the voluntary effort of the whole nation in fulfillment of a task which at best will be terribly onerous and humiliating. These two things France up to now has refused to grant. Herriot, left to his own devices, would undoubtedly make a fair agreement; but the majority in the Chamber by whose sufferance he continues to govern contains a powerful Poincarist element which ties his hands. As a result, the London Conference is on the verge of a breakdown. The first few days were devoted to the same activity which has caused the wreck of so many previous meetings since 1919—the effort to find a formula which would seem to reconcile two irreconcilable points of view, and thus prevent an open break. We are sorry to record the fact that the unofficial American observers played an important rôle in this attempt.

THE formula arrived at was a complicated one. The German loan investment was given complete priority over reparation payments. France insisted that she reserve all her rights under the Treaty of Versailles, including the one which she has persistently interpreted as permitting her to act alone against Germany, and under which she invaded the Ruhr. No further separate action was to be taken, however, unless the Reparations Committee, in consultation with the man (supposedly an American) in charge of payments under the Dawes Plan, and with the representative of the investors in the German loan, should decide that Germany had committed "a voluntary default." The French seemingly believed that this plan would be swallowed whole by the Anglo-American bankers, but if so they were promptly undeceived. The latter have declared that as long as France reserves the right to spring at Germany's throat, there is no real security for any loan.

WHILE the deadlock was predestined to occur, the moment is none the less one of critical importance in the history of Europe. The leading economic and financial authorities agree with the opinion recently expressed by Fred I. Kent of the Bankers' Trust Company, that the abandonment of the Dawes Plan will be followed by an unparalleled collapse of the industrial structure in Germany which will affect seriously not only the rest of the continent but America. The French, on the other hand, believe that if they abandon the right to take separate action against Germany they are yielding the control of Europe to Great Britain. We believe they are wrong; and that the best hope for France, as well as for Germany and every other country, lies in acceptance of the Dawes Plan at least as a temporary expedient for a few years until the whole question of Franco-German relations can be approached in a fair spirit. However, there is altogether too much reason to fear that in a tug of war

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between France and the bankers represented at London, France will win, even though the bankers may be granted a spurious verbal victory.

NEWSPAPER telegraph editors are finding these anything but the dull dog days of midsummer. In Brazil a military and Fascist revolution is in progress against the Bernardes government. In Ireland the Free State officials have set de Valera free. An American vice-consul has been murdered by a mob in Persia. In addition to their long-standing quarrel over Germany, Great Britain and France are at loggerheads again because of the League of Nations disarmament and security treaty which the British government has rejected. In the Far East, Russia has outmanœuvred the other powers by signing a treaty with China far more reasonable and fair than that country is likely to get from any of the more conservative nations. Russia surrenders all special privileges in China, abandons extra-territoriality for her subjects, consents to Chinese operation of the Chinese Eastern Railway, cancels her share of the Boxer indemnity and repudiates all treaties with other powers affecting Chinese interests.

THE La Follette ticket has been greatly strengthened by the selection of Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana as Fighting Bob's running mate. Senator Wheeler has an honorable record of liberalism, which has been much enhanced in recent months by his service with the Senate Committee investigating the Department of Justice. His public statement that he could not conscientiously support the candidacy of Mr. Davis, because of the latter's Wall Street affiliations, will seriously hamper the Democratic campaign orators in one of their chief arguments. The Democrats are planning to lay strong emphasis on the corruption which existed during the Harding régime; but it will be difficult for them to do so when one of the two men chiefly responsible for exposing that corruption has left their ranks. Wheeler's defection from the party throws into strong relief the extraordinary blunder the Democrats made when they failed to place at the head of their ticket an economic progressive who could have gone crusading on the issues which are now left by default to La Follette.

C. W. BARRON, owner of the Wall Street Journal and Boston News Bureau, told an interviewer the other day that Coolidge will be elected "by ten million." Frank A. Munsey's New York Sun similarly declares editorially that in its best judgment Coolidge will win a sweeping victory. Best judgments of this sort are highfaluting nonsense, and no one should know this better than the astute Messrs. Munsey and Barron. It is perfectly possible that Coolidge will be elected by ten million; it is also perfectly possible that he will run a bad third. No man on earth is sufficiently a prophet to be able to say how this year's election will turn out. There are 531 votes in the Electoral College, requiring 266 to elect. Of these it is safe to give Davis the solid South—Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, the Carolinas, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia and West Virginia—with an aggregate of 147 votes. It is safe to give Coolidge Connecticut, Maine, Michigan, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Utah and Vermont, with a total of forty-five votes. (Coolidge will, we believe, receive many more than these, but no other state can be assigned as overwhelmingly likely to go to him.) La Follette may, we think, safely be awarded Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas and Montana, a total of thirty-nine votes.

THESE votes for the three candidates named amount to a total of 231, which leaves 300 more which can only be described as still doubtful. The states they represent will vote partly according to whether times are good or bad from now to November, partly as the issues are presented to them, partly according to the sums of money the three parties are able to expend in their campaign effort, and perhaps most of all according to the personal impression each of the three chief candidates is able to make. If any man pretends in advance that he knows how this parallelogram of forces will affect the 300 doubtful votes in the Electoral College, it is a safe and reasonable supposition that he is talking nonsense.

THE Coolidge Republicans are telling one another gleefully that the return of farm prosperity has spiked La Follette's guns. The value of this year's crop has advanced in a few weeks by a sum roundly estimated at a billion dollars, or ten percent of its total worth. This is partly due to poor crops—the Canadian wheat production is reduced a third, and that of all the major wheat countries of the world by twelve or fifteen percent—and partly due to mysterious factors which those in high places either can't or won't explain. That the desperate poverty of the farm regions is somewhat ameliorated is certainly a matter for wholehearted rejoicing; and especially if the new price level continues through the harvest time so that the farmer really gets some of his billion. Better times are sure to have a political effect, though we are by no means so convinced that they will favor President Coolidge as are his jubilant advisors. The farmer who believes that the policy of the government since 1920 has resulted in his impoverishment for the benefit of other groups in the community is not likely overnight to forget all about his grievances, because of a sudden prosperity with which Washington does not claim that it has had anything to do. He is more likely to remember such an action as that of the Interstate Commerce Commission which last week refused to reduce the freight rate on grain, grain products and hay on the ground that the re-

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cent increase in farm prices makes such action unnecessary.

THE killing of Vice-Consul Robert Imbrie, the American representative at Teheran, Persia, is greatly to be regretted; but we can see in it no occasion for an international "incident." Major Imbrie by his recklessness virtually committed suicide, when he chose to take photographs in the presence of a crowd of natives who were already at a high pitch of religious fanaticism in opposition to Bahaism, natives who have a strong superstition against being photographed. The Persian government protests that it could not have prevented what happened, and that the local police exerted themselves to the utmost to protect Major Imbrie and his companion. One of the policemen, it asserts, has since died of injuries received at the hands of the mob. While our State Department is fully justified in asking an official investigation and report of the facts, it would not be justified in any imitation of Mussolini tactics.

A RAID on the roof garden of the Ritz-Carlton hotel in New York by Federal Prohibition agents a few days ago resulted in the seizure of a considerable quantity of liquor and the arrest of several waiters. The United States District Attorney is bringing action to close the establishment for a year. Why not? Hundreds of modest places, managed and frequented by poor people, have been similarly closed. The management through its attorney denies any knowledge that liquor was sold on its premises. In that case the management are the only people in New York whose social position permits them to know about the Ritz at all, who did not know it. The attorney further says: "With an enterprise of the size, character, standing and money invested of the Hotel Ritz-Carlton I submit to any sane, sound and reasonable man that it would be preposterous for them to be guilty of the violation of which they have been charged." That would be plausible had not the present prohibition law reversed all antecedent probabilities. As a matter of fact it would be preposterous for an enterprise of the standing of the Ritz-Carlton to undertake to feed the public to which it appeals without making it possible to obtain drink also.

THE reason why the Volstead Act is both a laughing stock and a menace is its unequal enforcement. Whether it can be equally enforced with the ruling classes of the country determined not to submit to it, is a question, but at all events it is fair to say that hitherto enforcement has never been thoroughly tried. The Drys have never been willing to stake the existence of the law on its enforcement. Only when spurred on by Mr. Busch did they take any steps to extend the operation of the law to vessels of the Shipping Board. They were extremely patient of the liquor scandals of the Harding-Daugherty-Mellon régime. They are satisfied with the lip service of Roy J. Haynes, the head of the Federal Prohibition Service. They accept Mr. Haynes's lamentation over hostesses who are more ashamed to serve dinners without liquor than to break the law, and fail to press him about the list of 3,000 bootlegging customers recently seized in Washington and allowed to "disappear" with no questions asked. As Mr. Haynes admits, the difficulty with the Volstead Act goes back to the fact that the people of our ruling class do not regard drinking as a moral issue, but merely one of expediency for the lower classes. Inequality and fraud in enforcement are shifting the moral balance still further against the law.

The Farmer-Labor Idea

IN 1920 some 265,000 American citizens cast their votes for the Farmer-Labor candidate for President—Mr. Parley Christensen. It was not a large number of votes compared to the total which was recorded in favor of Mr. Debs, the Socialist convict candidate, but it looks extremely large when we consider how difficult it was to discover any good or popular reason for preferring Mr. Christensen. If his supporters could allege any sufficient excuse for believing that they or their fellow countrymen would or could benefit from a vote for him, it certainly did not lie near the surface. Obviously he had no more chance of being elected than if he had not run and nobody voted for him. He was not a man who was qualified to serve as President. If he had enjoyed a serious chance of being elected, that might have been a sufficient reason for shrinking from the responsibility of contributing to the result. A vote for Christensen did not even have the virtue of an effective protest. A citizen who wished chiefly to express his distrust in Harding, the Republican party, the Democratic party and the whole American economic and social system would have done so more ably and pungently by swelling the supporters of Mr. Debs. Regular Americans of all kinds could afford to look with amused contempt on the few thousand harmless and irrelevant non-conformists who voted for Christensen.

Yet there were some 265,000 political eccentrics who four years ago thought, by voting for Christensen, they were bearing witness to some idea to which they could not bear witness by voting for Harding, Cox or Debs. In 1924 they do not look either so harmless or so silly as they did in 1920. They testified to a political idea and started a political movement which has just brought about the nomination of a much more formidable candidate than Mr. Christensen. His opponents concede to Senator La Follette at least five states and over thirty votes in the Electoral College. They admit that he may easily obtain twice that number. He is endorsed by the Socialists, who four years ago polled almost four times as many votes as the

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Farmer-Labor party, and he is certain to receive the support of many millions of his fellow citizens. These voters will, moreover, be composed chiefly of farmers and laborers. The states which Mr. La Follette will carry are all agricultural communities which are suffering from economic privation; and this economic privation is the result, so these farmers believe, of an economic and legal system which lodges economic power and political control chiefly in the hands of urban business men. But in addition he will receive a large so-called labor vote. He is assured of the support of the railroad unions, who are dissatisfied not so much on account of their wages but because they are not sufficiently recognized in the organization and the operation of the industry. He is assured of the support of the unions in the needle trades which include the most intelligent and progressive body of organized labor of foreign origin in the country. He is likely to poll a vote even in industrial states, much more formidable than any preceding candidate who was equally radical.

As the name Farmer-Labor implies, the new political group proposed to build up a partisan political structure upon an economic foundation. There was nothing novel about this part of their project. Both Democracy and Republicanism had been during their formative periods profoundly influenced by the allied or similar economic interests of their members. But it looked novel in 1920 because the orthodox theory on which both parties operated ignored the economic aspect of their origin and support. According to this orthodox theory it was the duty of an American citizen to act politically, irrespective of his economic interests and occupations. The Democratic and Republican parties were composed of self-sufficient individuals who, on the whole, voted as a sense of patriotic duty dictated, and who should not and could not be organized or moved by any appeals except their devotion to the public interest. From the Farmer-Labor point of view this theory is false and absurd. It is flourished chiefly for the purpose of stigmatizing the political expression of economic discontent as essentially unpatriotic and selfish. In actual fact the state and all its instruments exist and function chiefly in order to give political expression to some flexible and workable system of economic satisfactions and dissatisfactions. Individuals carry on their lives by virtue of their economic and professional occupations, and the community thrives not by securing the domination of some supposititious public interest over this complex of private interests but by providing the machinery for a successful operating adjustment of these groups of private interests. The Democratic party, during its period of greatest vitality from 1825 to 1850, represented the political aspect of an adjustment between the merchant and the agricultural pioneer. The Republican party, from 1860 to 1905, represented the political aspect of an adjustment between the farmer, the merchant and the manufacturer. According to the Farmer-Labor party these former adjustments have ceased to operate for the advantage of a large majority of the American people. In order to substitute a more formative adjustment for them, it is necessary to arouse the farmers and the wage-earners to an awareness of their interests as classes and to educate them as organized groups for common political and economic action.

It has become increasingly clear, both to the more alert farmers and the more alert workers, that as business and politics are now conducted in this country their interests, in so far as they conflict with the interests of business, are neglected. This assertion may seem absurd to the observer who remembers how much power agricultural communities have always exerted and apparently still exert in American politics, but it is none the less true. The Republican or Democratic party will present to the farmers any legislation which they demand, provided the proposal does not harm business and business men do not seriously oppose it. But if the existing economic system is favorable to large profits in business, and places agriculture at the mercy of ruthless and uncontrollable vicissitudes, as many farmers with good reason are coming to believe, and if the major parties are organized to prevent any but harmless changes in the existing distribution of economic power, then surely the farmers cannot reconstruct the existing economic system, as it needs to be reconstructed, without organizing a new party as the necessary instrument of their purpose. The organization of such a party will not mean that they expect to obtain for themselves a more favorable place in the economic system merely by capturing and exercising political power. Any increased political power which they obtain as a consequence of effective party organization will be inseparable from an increase of economic group consciousness which will assuredly bring with it attempts at improved group economic organization. Coöperation among farmers in politics is bound to be accompanied by coöperation among farmers in economics. Taken together they imply an effort by American farmers to recover through concerted group action some of the power, the consideration and the opportunities which, during the days of homesteading, they automatically enjoyed.

The wage-earners suffer in relation to the existing distribution of economic and political power from analogous disabilities. They differ from the farmers in that they never have profited from legal privileges and special economic opportunities. The fundamental principles of American Constitutional law, as interpreted by the courts, have discouraged labor organization; and the politicians and their own economic weakness have hitherto hindered them from actually exercising political power. Nevertheless labor unionism has gradually increased its hold upon the wage-earners, and now that the volume of immigration is being reduced it

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will exercise a steady increase of economic power. This increase of economic power is certain to be accompanied by a demand for political power. Take the case of the railroad workers. They are on the whole exceptionally well-organized and, as compared to many of their fellows, fairly prosperous. But for that very reason they are beginning to feel free and strong enough to take an active interest in the government of the railroads; an interest which calls for the exercise of both political and economic power. They propose hereafter to have more to say about the conditions under which they labor or refuse to labor. They resent fiercely the discrimination involved by the Wilkerson injunction which the Attorney-General obtained during the Shopmen's strike. They realize that such a distortion of the law would not have been possible in a democracy whose wage-earners were class conscious and politically and economically organized. They are coöperating with a Farmer-Labor party as a part of this program of self-assertion. The garment workers who are almost as conspicuous as the railroad workers in formation of the Farmer-Labor party, are also a prosperous and well-organized group, who are using their economic power in the interest of a more efficient and more humane garment industry; and it is because they are economically alert, strong and intelligent that they too understand the necessity of associating the increase of political power with the fulfillment of their economic purposes.

These Farmer-Labor groups are hoping to introduce radical improvements in the organization of American agriculture, industry and politics but they are not in the traditional sense of the word Socialists. It is the American Socialist party which has rallied to the Farmer-Labor banner, not the Farmer-Laborites to the red flag. The Farmer-Labor idea does not demand any warfare against capitalism as such; and it is clearly opposed to the conception of social processes which the theory of economic determinism implies. It desires to promote group or class consciousness on the part of the farmers and the wage-earners, not for the purpose of building an impossible moral barrier between them and the rest of the community or promoting a revolution, but rather for the purpose of educating them to understand their own interests in relation to the interests of other equally indispensable groups. The class consciousness upon which the Farmer-Labor idea depends for its success is not essentially an instrument of conflict. It may and should result in conflicts which would not otherwise occur, but it will also bring about understandings and compositions which are only possible among independent, equal and well-informed groups. It calls for a method whereby economic groups can cultivate autonomy, self-control and power of adjustment. If the farmers and the workers, after being oragnized economically into coöperative associations, and after becoming increasingly aware of their own group interests, can also form a party which can have something to say about the election of a President and a majority in Congress, that in itself will bring about a redistribution of economic and political power. Such a redistribution has already taken place once in American political history. It occurred when the frontier Democrats elected Jackson and thereby destroyed the power of the elder statesmen and the National Bank. If the American people are true to the ideals of the founders of the Republic, it will take place again.

The Farmer-Labor party differs, then, from the other parties in that its idea is both radical and national. It proposes to identify American national fulfillment; not with the perpetuation of the existing system, but with a new and more productive distribution of economic and political power among all the classes. When the American Commonwealth was founded, the fathers expected by means of the wide distribution of political power to enable the people to safeguard and to realize their economic interests. The Farmer-Labor party merely applies this traditional American ideal of a vigilant and aggressive democracy, which asserts and protects the interests of its members through political actions to the existing facts of American political and social life. The American citizen who lives in the highly organized, classified and industrialized society of today cannot remain socially equal and politically free unless he forms a part of conscious economic and professional groups, and unless he finds his own place in the commonwealth as a conscious and articulate member of one or more such groups. The Farmer-Labor idea includes both a recognition of this situation and an ensuing prophecy and a project. It seeks to perpetuate the American democracy as a society which escapes from becoming the victim of class divisions by fully recognizing their existence and by understanding, promoting and finally adjusting these conflicting activities. If there is any other orderly method of accomplishing this result, which is equally plausible and promising, we do not know what it is.

What the Undergraduate Wants

"IF it is the function of the college to stimulate the development of capacity, what particular qualities should it favor? Primarily, the college must develop the intellectual faculties of men, and seek to lead them away from stereotyped, rationalized, prejudiced thinking." This question and answer have not been culled from the formal pleasantries of a college catalogue. They are not the pedantic truisms of any university president's inaugural obeisance to the goddess of learning. To be sure, as words they are just such stuff as academic scraps of paper are made of. Their significance lies in their source. Their simplicity is genuine, and so is the opinion they convey, for it is the opinion of irresponsible undergraduates: the senior committee

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appointed by the President of Dartmouth College to advise him concerning undergraduate education.

The advice which these youngsters have given President Hopkins is very interesting. Briefly, they advise the modernization of the curriculum and the loosening of the formalities of instruction. This is precisely what most people would expect of undergraduates. The beautiful and the damned do love their paradise. Greek is their purgatory. Therefore they miss no chance to cry for a reduction of their servitude and a mitigation of the rigor of its imposition. Thus many a cynical professor will immediately conclude. But this is not the reasoning of the students at all. There is no mention in their report of those glorious "activities" which occupy the idle hours of the plastic age. Here is no cant about "the formation of character" by football, or "the polishing of rough edges" by fraternities. These boys want the existing academic routine modified for the good of their intellects. And well they may!

Every cynic and every professor ought to read this little report. It would do them good to see what a few seniors at one of our leading sporting colleges think of their fine expensive education. Understand, these boys are very circumspect: they are writing an official communication to the president. But the tenor of their opinion is unmistakable. What they want is hot stuff on the world they see around them. "The information provided by the college should be such as to make the student a contemporary of every age—but neither a retrospective refugee from the present, nor a dreamy wanderer in the future." What they want to get away from is the standard thoughts of our best minds. "As particular mill-stones that must be removed from (the student's) neck, dead formalism in religion and narrow thinking in social relations stand out above all others. Saccharine Sunday school religion—blatant Fourth-of-July patriotism, inherited class bias—all must fall."

These are vigorous phrases. But the changes the report suggests are anything but sweeping. More and earlier contemporary civilization: more science, more social science, is what they want. And yet, not much more. One gets the impression that they are simply recording a preference for existing elements of the existing course of study. These are the things which, in their experience, really educate them. Here their minds are actually set to work. Beyond that they do not venture into the morass of speculation upon what knowledge is of most worth. They have no ready-built curriculum. As subjects of the process they could hardly be expected to discourse learnedly upon learning.

Their minds are much clearer about their discipline. They are thoroughly disillusioned about going to school. Their studies they respect upon the whole, and their faculty, as scholars. They cannot do otherwise. But their classes and their lectures and their examinations—one can almost hear them say it: "They are the bunk!" "One of the chief causes of failure as a teacher is the professional conception of manufacturing and 'giving a course,' as a machine-like mass-method attempt at education, as distinct from concern with the needs and interests of the individual. . . . The impersonal relationship between teacher and student, and the present class-room, lecture-hall, final-examination system of education is the inevitable outcome of the popular philosophy that men neither want an education nor possess the intelligence and the initiative to go about acquiring it in a non-paternalistic manner."

In fine, the central fact disclosed by their report is the calm assurance with which these boys assert their own intellectual integrity. The undergraduate believes in undergraduate intellectuality. More that that, he challenges the contrary opinions of the faculty. "The faculty professes a desire to have the students think, but backs water usually when the thinking of any student begins to wreak havoc upon its own pet notions." A fair challenge, this. "We discard as the one greatest demerit of our present educational system the theory and practice of professorial activity to compensate for and care for student apathy." And they propose that their challenge be met by the abolition of the class-room. Instead of learning and reciting they want to be "turned loose in the world of books and ideas." This they propose for all students in every class. Slight shrift here for Fitzgeraldian cynics!

This is no isolated phenomenon. Those who know the present generation of undergraduates know that this yeast is working in them everywhere. Everywhere are rumblings against "the system," minor revolts, polite petitions, and persistent, dogged sabotage. It is not an uncommon thing to find coteries of students of marked ability pledged to flunk out rather than bend the knee to what they regard as a childish routine; in such circles high grades are looked upon with scorn as the mark of servile minds. And on the other side educational enlightenment throughout the country is taking the form of deflation of the ancient formalities. The Francis Parker schools and the Dalton schools are turning pupils loose. The great universities, which ought to take the lead, have not gone much beyond the splitting of sections and the installation of extra tutors to tread on the undergraduate's heels. But most of the smaller colleges are experimenting gingerly with one form or another of special freedom for exceptional students. One, Reed College, does allow practically all juniors and seniors just the freedom the Dartmouth students crave. Its library probably bears the heaviest load per book of any in the country.

Of course it is preposterous to suppose that the future of education is in any way bound up with the class-room system. As the adventuring of the mind education is utterly independent of any scheme of architecture. Its necessities are teachers, students

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and the materials of study. In the past these have been books almost exclusively. Today extensive equipment for scientific research must be included. But the rules for the association of students with teachers and for the use of the materials of study, vary with the circumstances under which the work is done. They are, in a certain sense, accidental. A grove, a portico, even a market-place, sufficed for what many still consider the best teaching the world has yet attained. They were, simply, the setting which circumstances offered. If contemporary teaching is carried forward chiefly in large buildings, divided into many rooms of uniform size, each with its row on row of chairs, that is simply the nature of modern architecture. It has developed not from the peculiarities of the teachers or the studies, but from the exigencies of modern building materials, from the general progressive regimentation of urban life, one of the multiform spawn of modern administrative efficiency—that is to say, mechanical organization. As such, it is an educational accident.

There is a sense, however, in which it must be counted an unfortunate accident. The essence of education being the free association of teachers and students and the maximum availability of materials, one scheme of architecture may be better suited than another to informal association. In particular, the material environment may be a mere background or it may fill the stage, setting grave limitations upon the movements of the actors. This is precisely what the contemporary paraphernalia of education has done. It has obtruded itself intolerably. It has become so huge, so detailed, so labyrinthine, that students and teachers both forget their intellectual concerns trying to learn their way about in the system. "Who is that interesting looking man?" a teacher in one of our most majestic universities was asked not long ago. "I don't know," he replied. "You see, I've only been here seven years!" The library at another still more majestic seat of learning is so huge, and so perfectly organized, that it is widely known as the world's most successful experiment in making books inaccessible. Education cannot be a vital process under conditions such as these.

That is what these students feel. They feel that they have asked for bread and we have given them stone facades. The mechanical technology and the routine of business administration have come between them and their books and teachers. They are praying for a recovery of humanity in learning. It remains to be seen whether their prayer will be answered, at Dartmouth College and throughout the country.

China, Russia and Mr. Hughes

THE recognition of Soviet Russia by China has brought the United States and China to an ugly pass unprecedented in the relations of the two countries. Coming now when the United States has just succeeded in estranging Japan and when, moreover, Russia reëmerges as a great Asiatic power, this will not be without consequences—one of the numerous consequences of the American government's bigoted attitude with respect to Soviet Russia.

The immediate cause of dispute is a railway line in North Manchuria built by Tsarist Russia on Chinese soil as a joint Chinese-Russian railway, though actually the money put into it and the management were always Russian. After the Russian revolution and the Allied occupation of Siberia the line was taken over and operated by the Allies. Now, with the resumption of relations between Russia and China, the railway has been restored to its original status. The United States protests. China replies with a note of unprecedented sharpness in its intercourse with its traditional patron. The State Department is outraged and informs the American press that China has repudiated its obligations.

The American protest is based on two grounds: first, a claim for $4,250,000 for equipment and supplies furnished the railway during the Allied occupation and, second, the contention that by a resolution of the Washington Conference China accepted a trusteeship of the railway for the benefit of foreign creditors. The Chinese answer is that the railway is a matter which concerns only Russia and China and that the rights of foreign creditors are not endangered.

To one without prejudice China's case seems irrefutable. The plain incontrovertible fact is that the Chinese Eastern does concern China and Russia alone. It was built by agreement between those two countries, on the soil of one and with the money of the other. Its status was never questioned before the war and has not been changed by anything that has taken place subsequently. China is accused of having violated a resolution of the Washington Conference dealing with the railway. This resolution aims to fasten on China what may be construed as a trusteeship over the railway for the benefit of foreign creditors and expressly states that the powers "reserve the right to insist upon the responsibility of China" for the railway's obligations to foreign creditors. But in the first place, Russia was not represented at the Conference. In the second place, the resolution was not signed by China. The text of the resolution specifically says, "The powers other than China" decide so and so. Not even is China inferentially bound to accept what they decide. By the resolution the powers are entitled to insist; China has not bound itself to grant what they insist on. So now the United States is insisting, which is its right, but it cannot with any show of reason accuse China of violating an agreement if it does not yield. As a matter of fact, however, there is nothing in the Russo-Chinese treaty which repudiates any obligation on the railroad. Unless it is contended that Russia has for-

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feited all rights in the railroad, which would be absurd, there is no reason why restoration of the line to its normal Russo-Chinese status imperils any just foreign claims against it.

The American financial claim is at best a doubtful one. The money involved was expended on the railway by the Inter-Allied Railway Board of its own volition and by its own authority at a time when the Allies were in occupation of territory to which they were not bidden. It was not a loan made by mutual consent. It was a military measure, taken because the Allied lines of communication had to be kept open. While it is true that without the supplies in question the railway could not have continued to operate, the motive of the Allies was not to benefit the railway but to safeguard their troops. In any case, however, the American claim is not disputed by China. Nowhere in its official communication is repudiation hinted. The news dispatches from Washington, presumably based on information given out by the State Department, have therefore been misleading. They have represented China as repudiating a debt of the railway and breaking an agreement reached at the Washington Conference.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Hughes's indignation is not so much legally as morally based. The State Department has excommunicated Soviet Russia. The State Department—all of official America, in fact—regards China as its protégé. America has fallen into the complacent habit of picturing itself as savior of China generally. This administration, the State Department especially, pictures itself as the savior of China in particular, because of the Washington Conference. Now China, saved and emancipated, returns base ingratitude by consorting with those upon whom the State Department has put the ban.

Officially the State Department did not say that China could not recognize Soviet Russia without losing American favor. But it knew quite well that the Chinese Eastern Railway was the most important question outstanding between China and Russia, and without agreement on it there could be no resumption of relations between the two countries. And any other agreement than that which was reached, namely, restoration to joint control, Russia would, of course, have refused, because it would have been a breach of China's long-standing treaty obligations. China could either have affronted Mr. Hughes's prejudices or alienated Soviet Russia; and because Russia is a powerful neighbor of China and its good will is therefore vital to it, China naturally placed its own vital concerns before Mr. Hughes's prejudices. One cannot question its wisdom. One can, however, question the State Department's wisdom in forcing China to a choice which estranges it.

America has, indeed, historically befriended China. It has done so specifically in the case of the Chinese Eastern railway, which, as has been semi-officially hinted in Washington, would have been seized by Japan if America had not stood in the way. China owes America a debt of gratitude for this as well as for much good-will shown in the concrete before. But gratitude can be felt only as long as it is not insisted on and payment demanded in unreasonable terms. America was content in the old days to deal justice to China for the sake of justice alone. If, now, it does so only for compensation, and as compensation expects China to be its satellite and to satisfy American caprice to China's own loss, it will be told off as sharply as it has been in this case. Nor will it lessen the bad taste of its position by taking the high moral tone.

Science and Welfare

THE science of biology has scored two great achievements. It has made possible the progressive elimination of disease. It has also made possible the progressive elimination of the upper classes and the higher races. Both accomplishments are enthusiastically cited as contributions to the welfare of humanity.

Whether they are—whether, to extend the problem, all science is by obvious hypothesis a sure agency for the greater good, is a highly complicated problem upon which even scientists do well to exercise some caution. Universal good is a roomy field in which many unexpected things may happen. At all events it is roomy enough to afford at least two views of whatever presents itself in the way of "incontrovertible scientific fact." That some diseases are caused by micro-organisms is such a fact, and that some of those can be controlled or eliminated is another. Suppose it were true, as may possibly happen, that all such diseases could be controlled by proper medical treatment. This, then, would be a tremendous gain, but only from the point of view of the sad lot of the patients who might suffer from their ravages. From the point of view adopted by Malthus and caricatured by Scrooge, disease is an agency for removing the surplus population. Accordingly it is now plausibly argued in many quarters that science, by saving and prolonging human life, has undone natural selection. Thus the triumph of medicine can be said to have debauched the community by a new Gresham's law, bad stock driving out the good.

The same exquisite confusion attends the consideration of voluntary limitation. Science has enabled the most civilized peoples to limit their numbers by a painless neo-Malthusianism which circumvents the necessity of disease and war. Such a consummation must surely rank high in terms of welfare. Or so one would think except for its reverse. It is equally a matter of science, the science of statistics, that neo-Malthusianism limits most the fecundity of the superior classes and, among races, of the white race. From the point of view, therefore, of those who set store by Nordic blood,

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this greatest of humanitarian blessings turns out to be the blackest of curses, to be met effectively only by the most desperate propaganda for fecundity among the saints with forcible emasculation for sinners and foreign devils.

The moral of which is, of course, that science pure and unapplied is simply commensurable in terms of human welfare. And when it receives some application, that application may be an agency of welfare or not, but in any case is judged as an agency of some social purpose and not in the least as abstract truth. This proposition is as old as humanity, as extensive as sin and as obvious as virtue, and therefore it is necessary to repeat it on all occasions. There is subtlety about it beyond the paradox that lies in the universal reciprocity of swords and plowshares, fertilizers and explosives, dies and poison gas. Science is the whip hand over nature: what comes of it depends on who is lashed. When the question is posed whether it does or has or will enhance or attain the welfare of the race, all bets are off. The patient is still on the operating table and the doctors disagree.

Nothing is easier than to cite specific cases of specific gains that have resulted from specific applications of the brain power of certain knowledge—unless it be knocking over these specific nine pins with the corresponding deficiencies of knowledge and control before which the brightest ideas go down in spares. Thus it is no great stroke of genius to see that parturition could be improved upon. From the point of view of comfort, at least half the human race has held that view since Eden. And one can easily imagine science making some fairly sweeping alterations in the economy of confinement —so far as knowledge and technique are concerned. But the difficulties in the way of any general alleviation of Eve's curse are just as obvious. Such a step must be costly, limited and terribly irrevocable. It is confronted by the deficit of energy and initiative that balks any universal undertaking. And considered as of limited application it raises the insoluble problem, to whom?

But most of all it is, like euthanasia, impossibly final. A tentative euthanasia would be of all ameliorative measures the most charming and effective. A president might put his senate opposition into a gentle and prolonged slumber, and leave it to his successor whether the decree should be made final. Unfortunately, however, operations of this sort are definitive and not subject to review, like exercise and diet, and capital punishment is therefor, universally unpopular. Sterilization and ectogenesis inevitably share that unpopularity. There is every reason in human nature to suppose that if science could make extra-maternal foetal life possible and practicable, it would nevertheless take its place upon the shelf along with many another measure whose perfect medical efficacy is unfortunately conditioned by an irrevocability that makes it humanly unavailable.

Science, of course, is not to blame for human nature and the perversions and ineptitudes with which it sets at naught the most startling revelations of the microscope. The difficulty, so far as science is concerned, is simply one of magnitude. Science deals avowedly only with scraps and pickings of reality. If we occasionally think otherwise, that is because we mistake abstraction for extensiveness. We think that the proposition, "Two plus one make three," is of cosmic extent because of its quite unearthly detachment from reality. On reconsideration, however, one can see in a moment that the axiom means only that if there were a man who had no further interest in his possessions than their number, and if he had two, and if another arrived, he would then have three, and that would be the whole of the matter so far as he is concerned, and that there is no such man.

Accordingly one immediately suspects that the whole truth of the proposition rests in some rather subtle way on the very impossibility of the condition, its remoteness from actuality. It is a hypothesis which cannot possibly be challenged on its own ground, though on ours the facts challenge it whenever the two are a loving couple and the third an interloper. As the proverb says, that addition contradicts arithmetic by transcending it.

In precisely this fashion human welfare transcends science. It is simply another order of magnitude. Science deals with the tiniest possible scraps of human experience, cut off with the most elaborate precaution of definition and instrumental refinement from all that makes life rich and painful and vulgar and exquisite and exalted and confusing. Science is one of the elements of our charge, our first, if low numbers confer honor. But welfare is our whole. Like Polly Peachum, it can sing "My all is in my possession, possession, my all is in my possession," repeating the refrain over and over to avoid the reciprocal fallacy to which it is subject, of relapsing into some partial good or immediate advantage.

As the all-in-all of existence welfare is a bit difficult to visualize, of course. That is just the trouble.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1924, IN THE U. S., BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING CO., INC., 421 WEST 21ST ST., NEW YORK
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The Farmer-Capitalist Myth

RECONSTRUCTION of economic theory, if it is to become something more than a mere exchange of labels, must proceed by inductive methods. The labels are of course important, perhaps more important than the economic principles. Capitalism as an economic fact is a cold and barren concept; capitalism as a symbol of class cleavage, as a connotation of power, rouses passions and adds zest to living. The distance between Daedulus and Icarus in the sphere of science and likewise in the realms of economics is measured by human purposes and rationalizations. Within this area of the psychological, essential reconstruction always takes place. Reconstruction in its more fundamental aspects is a revaluation and revision of myth and belief. "Mind in the making," that is, thinking adjusting itself to acting, is the mode of reconstruction. Obviously, the application of this thesis to any particularized phase of economic theory involves the use of a less formal and less deterministic logic than has hitherto dominated economic thinking.

Classical economists recognized three forms of income: wages, profits and rent, and thereupon resorted to the simplified social classification of workers, capitalists and landlords. Modern academic economists effect a slight change in this arrangement by ascribing interest-income to the capitalist and profit-income to the entrepreneur. According to Carver, capital comes into being when labor is performed and consumption is postponed—the process which he designates as waiting and working. By this token it may be said that the laborer works, the entrepreneur works and waits while the capitalist merely waits. The laborer works and fights to secure a larger share of profits, the entrepreneur plans, works and waits for profits, and the capitalist gambles for profits and waits for interest. The issue between capitalists and non-capitalists is not so much a conflict between waiting and working as between working and gambling. Where in this hierarchy of socio-economic classes does the farmer belong?

Text-books on economics invariably classify the farmer as a capitalist who derives his income from rent, interest and profits. Unhappily the farmer has believed the text-books. Farmers own, or did own, land, and land is supposed, according to economic theory, to produce rent; consequently the margin between the lowest and the highest cost of production of a bushel of wheat is labelled rent. Farmers sell goods, and the margin between the highest cost of production on the worst unit and the market price, if such a margin exists, is presumed to be profit. Farmers possess capital investment in tools and equipment, and, still holding rigorously to economic theory, this investment must earn an income which goes by the traditional name of interest. In addition, the farmer employs labor and takes risks. Where so much capitalistic action is in evidence, there surely must be a capitalist. Economic theory is thus translated into a label, the label comes to represent a fixed idea, and ita est, the farmer is a capitalist. The politicians add sanction to the economists' dictum and the farmer, because he believes himself to be a capitalist, behaves as a capitalist. He votes for protective tariffs which protect all other capitalists save himself; he stands in the way of the single tax and other land reforms; and worst of all, he allows himself to be manœuvred into a position of opposition to the claims of wage-workers, thereby constituting the largest single barrier to progress in American life. Industrial and agricultural leaders use their influence to convince the farmer that when wages go beyond a certain point they cause an increase in the price of things which the farmer must buy without causing a commensurate increase in the consumption of farm products. But increased wages not only add to the cost of things farmers must buy but also to the cost of things which the laborer must buy. In fact, the farmer as a capitalist should have little cause to complain here since it is the well known practice of capitalists to add increased wages to the cost of production without diminishing profits. The person who in reality is pinched between the rising wage and the increasing cost of food is the salaried professional who lives on a more or less fixed income. The farmer's income as a capitalist is fixed by the so-called immutable and sometimes just law of supply and demand. But, is it, and is the farmer in reality a capitalist? Or, is he actually operating under the influence of a myth which provides him with the capitalistic label?

The above query cannot be answered in precise terms. Capitalism is in flux. It is neither obeying the sequence of the Marxian dogma nor is it fulfilling the logical expectations of an opposite theory. What appears to be happening, in America at least, lies in the area between extreme Marxism and extreme capitalism. On the one hand capital is concentrating but on the other hand it is also being diffused. Organized labor has found it possible in several directions not only to reach a satisfactory standard of living but to save a margin of wages to invest in capitalistic enterprises such as banks and factories. Wherever savings occur, the margins tend to filter into capitalistic channels. Entrepreneurs, technicians and workers all tend to become capitalists. Capital is being gradually but insistently distributed and it is this phenomenon which has led many observers to declare that there is and can be no class struggle in America. That the class conflict must evolve out of a dissimilar historical and

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cultural setting and that it is not destined to follow the European pattern goes without saying, but that economic class conflict will be entirely avoided is not clearly in the premises.

Assuming for the moment that some form of class or group conflict in the economic sphere is inevitable, and assuming further that the present tendencies toward distributive capitalism are to continue, what rôle will the farmer play in the ensuing adjustments? The rate as well as the result of adjustment will be vastly different if it is to be a two-cornered or a three-cornered combat. In England, for example, the manufacturers stood with the workers against the landlords on the issue of the repeal of duties on corn; later, the landlords, seeking revenge against the manufacturers, stood with the workers in favor of the Factory Acts. A third party appears to act as a psychological catalyser, depriving each of the main agents of their perspicacity. Since the rise of industry and urban populations, the American farmer has been partially precipitated out of the general economic mass. *Yet the farmer belongs intrinsically with the labor group and is only kept from full and frank participation on its side by specious psychological barriers.* Before proceeding to arguments substantiating this opinion, we should pause to visualize the essence of the generalized economic conflict: on the one side stand those who seek to express their aspirations of life by incomes derived from profits, rents and interest (the devotees of a system of economic processes covered by the blanket-term "capitalism") on the other side stand those who seek to express their aspirations by limiting labor to production for use, thus eliminating speculative incomes and conserving human energy for creative purposes. The demarcation between these two groups is sharp and unmistakable. The distinction is one of values and in its ultimacy must be defined in psychological and ethical terms.

Among the facts which give substance to the opinion that the farmer's interests tend toward those of labor are the following:

a. *Increase in tenancy:* Since the rise of capitalism, farm lands have cumulatively drifted from the ownership of operators to absentees. In 1920 only 60 percent of the farms in the United States were operated by their owners. In eight states over one-half of the farms were operated by tenants. The intervening four years since the last census have been among the most disastrous in the history of agriculture. Estimates of the number of farm bankruptcies during this period vary from one-half million to one million. It is entirely probable that there are at the present time approximately three million tenant farmers in the United States. The tenant farmer is a laborer for wages. He may operate under a crop-sharing contract but his share of the income represents his labor.

b. *The farm-owner's real income comes from labor:* Research economists have been driven to this new appraisal of the farmer's economic status. By settling upon a fixed income from capital investment, the farmer's real or variable income is computed in terms of labor. A farmer in Iowa, after thirty-eight years of residence upon his farm, decided to sell; he computed his accumulated labor income for the thirty-eight years and found that the sale price of his farm was barely equal to the total labor income. He was worth as a capitalist precisely what he had contributed to the improvement of his farm through labor. Will the man who purchases this farm be a capitalist expecting to earn profits on his investment or will he be a laborer who possesses capital investment and works for his living? A cessation of land speculation would automatically place the farmer in the labor column, for it is only by means of speculation in land that fortunes have been made in agriculture. Over a long period of years, and deducting incomes from speculative increases in land values, the farmer's economic status can be accurately measured only in terms of his labor-income. If he is still a capitalist he is so merely by virtue of the fact that he owns land and tools, borrows capital, employs labor and goes through certain of the capitalistic motions. He may still wait and work but if he only waits he will, unlike other capitalists, starve.

c. *The farmer does not control labor:* The essence of modern capitalism is its power to control labor. With raw materials in possession, the capitalist calls upon labor at his terms; these terms may of course be modified by organized workers, particularly upon a rising market. The capitalist thereupon adds the increased wage to the cost of production and commands the consumer to pay the difference. If the price to the consumer rises sufficiently to decrease consumption below the profit level, production is abandoned. It is only when the organized worker encroaches upon the power of the capitalist that his capacity to command labor is weakened. In the long run the capitalist maintains his position by commanding labor. The farmer, on the contrary, is commanded by need. He employs labor only within the restricted area of this need and the rapidly diminishing returns from labor beyond this point prevent him from ever becoming an employer of labor for profit.

d. *The farmer does not control production or price:* Under capitalistic production the entrepreneur who overproduces on a falling market is eliminated by his stock-holders. The farmer is his own stock-holder and as long as he wishes to make his home on the land he cannot eliminate himself. The per capita consumption of wheat in the United States has diminished 20 percent since the period of 1909-1913, and the per capita consumption of dairy products has increased 14 percent. An ordinary capitalist would quickly adjust himself to important changes of this sort or go out of business. The farmer is not presented with so easy an escape. In fact, in the face of the declining consumption of wheat the farmer has actually increased his acreage

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34 percent and his yield 21 percent. His advisers urge him to curtail production or to diversify. If he were a real capitalist-entrepreneur, he would not need either suggestion. He can, of course, adjust production to need within certain limits of scientific prediction but when he is prepared to embark upon this program he will already have departed widely from the speculative habits of capitalists. . .

Diminution of profits from land speculation, increase in tenancy, necessity of computing the farmer's income in terms of labor, the farmer's incapacity to control labor, production or price—these are among the facts which, in the writer's opinion, are forcing the American farmer to a realignment with labor. Except for unorganized labor, the farmer is the most helplessly exploited factor in our modern economic system. The coöperative marketing movement may be the farmer's one way out. But neither trade unionism nor the coöperative movement may do anything more than increase the margin of income; both may so far neglect the psychological factors and social values as to become mere weapons for material gain. Industrial and agricultural producers may use capitalistic tools for the same old and repudiated ends. Capitalism of the differentiated variety is disintegrating, not as a result of the blows which it received from without, but rather as a result of inner fruitlessness.

The bread-producers and the bread-eaters will "tread life underfoot in the brawl for means to live" if at the cross-roads of conflict the prophets of ennobling peace do not stand holding in their hands the bread of life. The present confusion of agricultural affairs needs nothing so much as leaders who can foresee the wastefulness and the tragedy of a rural population permanently separated in aims and aspirations from the great mass of industrial workers. The separation is now largely mythical but the separation and warfare between all workers and technicians and those who seek to gain through speculation is the psychological impasse which stifles our age.

It is a new way of living which must be discovered, not a new way of compromise. If the farmer has not irretrievably lost his direction in the maze of historic myths, he may bring his dearly-bought gift of independence as a fructifying ally to the new-born aims of labor. He may also be creator and discoverer—or, he may cling to his capitalist myth and beg for crumbs.

Muggleton

NEVER did the human mind attain such a magnificent height of self-assertiveness as in England about the year 1650. Then it was that the disintegration of religious authority which had begun with Luther reached its culminating point. The Bible, containing the absolute truth as to the nature and the workings of the universe, lay open to all; it was only necessary to interpret its assertions; and to do so all that was wanted was the decision of the individual conscience. In those days the individual conscience decided with extraordinary facility. Prophets and prophetesses ranged in crowds through the streets of London, proclaiming, with complete certainty, the explanation of everything. The explanations were extremely varied: so much the better—one could pick and choose. One could become a Behmenist, a Bidellian, a Coppinist, a Salmonist, a Dipper, a Traskite, a Tyronist, a Philadelphian, Christadelphian, or a Seventh Day Baptist, just as one pleased. Samuel Butler might fleer and flout at

> petulant, capricious sects,
> The maggots of corrupted texts;

but he, too, was deciding according to the light of his individual conscience. By what rule could men determine whether a text was corrupted, or what it meant? The rule of the Catholic church was gone, and henceforward Eternal Truth might with perfect reason be expected to speak through the mouth of any fish-wife in Billingsgate.

Of these prophets the most famous was George Fox; the most remarkable was Lodowicke Muggleton. He was born in 1609, and was brought up to earn his living as a tailor. Becoming religious, he threw over a charming girl, with whom he was in love and whom he was engaged to marry, on the ground that her mother kept a pawnbroker's shop and that usury was sinful. He was persuaded to this by his puritan friends, among whom was his cousin, John Reeve, a man of ardent temperament, fierce conviction, and unflinching holiness. Some years later, in 1650, two peculiar persons, John Tawny and John Robins, appeared in London. Tawny declared that he was the Lord's high priest, that it was his mission to lead the Jews back to Jerusalem, and that, incidentally, he was the King of France. Robins proclaimed that he was something greater; he was Adam, he was Melchizedek, he was the Lord himself. He had raised Jeremiah, Benjamin, and many others from the dead, and did they not stand there beside him, admitting that all he said was true? Serpents and dragons appeared at his command; he rode upon the wings of the wind; he was about to lead 144,000 men and women to the Mount of Olives through the Red Sea, on a diet of dry bread and raw vegetables. These two men, "greater than prophets," made a profound impression upon Muggleton and his cousin Reeve. A strange melancholy fell upon them, and then a more strange exaltation. They heard mys-

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terious voices; they were holy; why should not they too be inspired? Greater than prophets. . . . ? Suddenly Reeve rushed into Muggleton's room and declared that they were the chosen witnesses of the Lord, whose appearance had been prophesied in the Book of Revelation, xi. 3. Muggleton agreed that it was so. As for Tawny and Robins, they were devilish imposters, who must be immediately denounced. Sentence of eternal damnation should be passed upon them. The cousins hurried off on their mission and discovered Robins in gaol, where he had been lodged for blasphemy. The furious embodiment of Adam, Melchizedek, and the Lord glared out at them from a window, clutching the bars with both hands. But Reeve was unabashed. "That body of thine," he shouted, pointing at his victim, "which was thy heaven, must be thy hell; and that proud spirit of thine, which said it was God, must be thy devil. The one shall be as fire, and the other as brimstone, burning together to all eternity. This is the message of the Lord." The effect was instantaneous: Robins, letting go the bars, fell back, shattered. "It is finished," he groaned; "the Lord's will be done." He wrote a letter to Cromwell, recanting; was released from prison, and retired into private life, in the depths of the country. Tawny's fate was equally impressive. Reeve wrote on a piece of paper, "We pass sentence upon you of eternal damnation," and left it in his room. The wretched man fled to Holland, in a small boat, en route for Jerusalem, and was never heard of again.

After this the success of the new religion was assured. But Reeve did not live long to enjoy his glory. In a few months his fiery spirit had worn itself away, and Muggleton was left alone to carry on the work. He was cast in a very different mould. Tall, thick-set, vigorous, with a great head, whose low brow, high cheek-bones, and projecting jowl almost suggested some Simian creature, he had never known a day's illness, and lived to be eighty-eight. Tough and solid, he continued, year after year, to earn his living as a tailor, while the words flowed from him which were the final revelation of God. For he preached and he wrote with an indefatigable volubility. He never ceased, in sermons, in letters, in books, in pamphlets, to declare to the world the divine and absolute truth. His revelations might be incomprehensible, his objurgations frenzied, his argumentations incoherent—no matter; disciples gathered around him in ever-thickening crowds, learning, to their amazement and delight, that there is no devil but the unclean reason of men, that angels are the only beings of pure reason, that God is of the stature of a man and made of flesh and bone, that Heaven is situated beyond the stars and six miles above the earth. Schismatics might arise, but they were crushed, cast forth, and sentenced to eternal damnation. Inquiring magistrates were brow-beaten with multitudinous texts. George Fox, the miserable wretch, was overwhelmed—or would have been had he not obtained the assistance of the devil—by thick volumes of intermingled abuse and pure reason. The truth was plain—it had been delivered to Muggleton by God; and henceforward, until the Day of Judgment, the Deity would hold no further communication with his creatures. Prayer, therefore, was not only futile, it was blasphemous; and no form of worship was admissible, save the singing of a few hymns of thanksgiving and praise. All that was required of the true believer was that he should ponder upon the Old and the New Testaments, and upon "The Third and Last Testament of Our Lord Jesus Christ," by Muggleton.

The English passion for compromise, is well illustrated by the attitude of Charles the Second's government towards religious heterodoxy. There are two logical alternatives for the treatment of heretics—to let them alone, or to torture them to death; but English public opinion recoiled—it still recoils—from either course. A compromise was the obvious, the comfortable solution; and so it was decided that heretics should be tortured—not to death, oh no!—but to some extent. Accordingly, poor Muggleton became a victim, for years, to the small persecutions of authority. He was badgered by angry justices, he was hunted from place to place, his books were burnt, he was worried by small fines and short imprisonments. At last, at the age of sixty-eight, he was arrested and tried for blasphemy.

In the course of the proceedings, it appeared that the prosecution had made a serious blunder: since the publication of the book on which the charge was based an act of indemnity had been passed. Thereupon the judge instructed the jury that, as there was no reason to suppose that the date on the book was not a false imprint, the act of indemnity did not apply; and Muggleton was condemned to the pillory. He was badly mauled, for it so happened that the crowd was hostile and pelted the old man with stones. After that, he was set free; his tribulations were at last over. The prophet spent his closing years writing his autobiography, in the style of the gospels; and he died in peace.

His doctrines did not die with him. Two hundred and fifty Muggletonians followed him to the grave, and their faith has been handed down, unimpaired, through the generations, from that day to this. Still, in the very spot where their founder was born, the chosen few meet together to celebrate the two festivals of their religion—the Great Holiday, on the anniversary of the delivery of the Word to Reeve, and the Little Holiday, on the day of Muggleton's final release from prison:

> I do believe in God alone,
> Likewise in Reeve and Muggleton.

So they have sung for more than two hundred years.

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This is the Muggletonian's faith,
This is the God which we believe;
None salvation-knowledge hath,
But those of Muggleton and Reeve.
Christ is the Muggletonians' king,
With whom eternally they'll sing.

It is an exclusive faith, certainly; and yet, somehow or other, it disarms criticism. Even though one may not be of the elect oneself, one cannot but wish it well; one would be sorry if the time ever came when there were no more Muggletonians. Besides, one is happy to learn that with the passage of years they have grown more gentle. Their terrible offensive weapon—which, in early days, they wielded so frequently—has fallen into desuetude; no longer do they pass sentence of eternal damnation.

The dreadful doom was pronounced for the last time on a Swedenborgian, with great effect, in the middle of the nineteenth century.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

Direttissimo

IN the Direttissimo Genova Pisa Roma our compartment was full; it was in fact crowded when the official's three sons squeezed around their father's knees or stood in the door. On one side by the window a man from Salerno and White Plains, tall, ruddy, big teeth and a sloping, dull head, sat; with a great bottle of red wine tucked under his elbow in the corner behind him. Next to him sat the government official, a faded man with features something in the style of Lloyd George, more honest and less effectual looking. He seemed kindly and a little vague, and interested in everyone. The third from the window was an older gentleman, tall and bulky, from Genoa. He was sceptical looking with rough blasts of dialect across his speech; and next, an engineer, a man of thirty-five.

On my side of the compartment the other American from White Plains had the seat by the window opposite his friend. He was a short and sodden figure. Next came the official's wife, with no hat, and with a black alpaca dustcoat buttoned clear up to the throat over whatever dress she might have on. She had a kind, neglected face with traces of lovely features still, though worn out with the family and life in general. On her lap leaned and sat and reclined a little girl of six, a pretty child smartly dressed in an Indian silk jacket flounced at the bottom and a tiny, flaring white skirt beneath. The daughter of the Genoese, eighteen or less, squeezed into the place beside the signora, and next to me sat a priest a little past thirty.

The American in the corner, aided by his good wine, had been talking ever since we left Genoa.

"Yes, you get five, ten, twelve dollars a day"—he was a mason, his friend also—"but what does that come to when there are strikes all the time and you got to spend what you saved up? Eh? Yes, and look what you have to pay for a place to live, for one room! In America you got to remember there's lots of"—he went on loudly and foolishly talking his blurred statistics, first to the official, to the Genoese, to the signorina, the signora, all of whom listened only by turns and not eagerly.

Did we know why he was coming to Italy now? To see about his young lady. He was an American citizen, had taken out his papers during the war, and oughtn't his fidanzata be an American citizen if she was his wife? Eh? He had written this to Washington but he didn't know; they never did anything for him down there, some law—and he was coming over to Salerno himself for her. That would not concern the quota. That was best.

The signorina said alertly that yes, undoubtedly that was best, and the signora, the official's wife, said that surely the American government would let a man's wife go around with him.

This tangent stole the conversation somewhat away from the American citizen and his business in White Plains and money, populations and subways and large buildings. When he left off talking he joined his comrade in sleep and was soon snoring. The official could tell you a great deal on the score of the government. He had served in many places—mark the list of them, all over Italy from Verona to Bari. They had had a beautiful house outside of Mantua—the signora said—only to leave it. But what can you do? Undoubtedly Mussolini, the Genoese gentleman said, had lost much during the past year. His power was waning, you could see that from many signs. The official and his signora shut their mouths. But still, the gentleman's daughter argued, we must admit that there was less smoke in these tunnels this year than last; now that was certainly better government.

The government was discussed until the engineer suddenly broke his silence by saying that the trouble in Italy was lack of system. Everything needed system. Exactly. Germany was the model for Italy. Look at the language even—si prega di non sputare! Good God! We beg that you will not spit on the floor. Look at German—verboten—strong, straight! And English—don't spit—smack down like your foot, what a difference!

I argued then that this courtesy in the words was as much a form of civilization as sanitation was. "Why not have both?" said I.

Civilization in both terms? The priest agreed, by Bacchus, si, per Bacco!

"But," said the engineer, "look at our language—no words for one thing after another, sleeping-

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car, side-car, things by hundreds. Side-car, and no word for it in Italian."

"But," the priest said, "life consists of many things besides side-cars."

The Germans were the nation, the engineer said.

"Who could say that?" replied the priest. "Industrially if you like, mechanically, if you like, system if you like, but in other respects?"

"Kant," shouted the engineer. "Where's any Kant in Italy? Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer? In philosophy we had Croce, but he is past, out of date."

"Kant, yes," said the priest, "but Kant too is out of date, he is taught in the schools, in the history of philosophy and of method, but he has become merely historical."

"Our Italian student learns nothing in the universities," the engineer said.

"But Kant!" said the priest. "Saint Thomas is more fundamental and more enduring in modern thought."

Everyone discussed how much music the Germans might be said to have. "After all," said the engineer, "what do nations know of each other? The Turks are the most honest race in Europe."

This threw a bombshell into the company and everyone talked at once, the priest naturally leading. But who here had lived in Turkey? The engineer had for four years. The most honest race!

"Honest then in business," the priest thundered. "But look at their religion."

"It suits them," retorted the engineer.

"But, but"—the priest raised a warning finger straight up like Leonardo's John the Baptist—"we shall never forget how they murdered our sisters in Asia-Minor!"

Nobody could argue that point, and fortunately the engineer was getting off at Sesto Levante. The Genoese moved down and the priest changed to that side.

He begged to drop philosophy, he had done nothing for months but study for an examination, now past, and he was going to Rome. Parlons d'autres choses, pardon, what was the signore's book?

But the title was in English, which alas he did not read. The Genoese read that it was a book of Landor's essays. He began to talk of English literature and English thought. In his opinion English treaties were much clearer than Italian or even French. Philosophic writing at Oxford was clearer, more compact and simpler than Italian writing. He could not pronounce English but he loved English books. What a genius Hardy was, and Dickens! When he read the stories of Kipling he seemed to know the very people themselves, soldiers or sailors who, though they were so foreign, seemed for him to have the Genoese dialect in their mouths. The man from White Plains woke up, and listened to this matter so strange to him, and grinned; he was pleased that I was included. Not that the Genoese gentleman did not like Goldoni, but, Italian as he was, he thought Molière a thousand times superior. That was a fact. Pirandello, the priest said, was most interesting but he should write less. D'Annunzio everyone flouted—the Genoese said "Pooh!" He was going to buy the Landor, and he began to take down the publisher's address, while his daughter looked on sweetly and gently, as one might look at a child who fancied he was going to buy a star.

And was I in Italy on business? he asked. "No, only traveling," I said. "To see the cities again."

Ravenna, Byzantine; Pisa, Orcagna; Perugia, Perugino; Padua, Giotto—the signorina began giving in a breath the town and the reason for seeing it.

I said, "Yes, Signorina, but the towns as well, themselves. And why? Because I have need to see these Italian cities as one needs various pieces of music to feed one's spirit."

The touch of oratory in that, of course, carried it far. Everyone turned to everyone else and smiled, and nodded a bit sideways.

"Ah," the signorina said gracefully, "that shows, then, that one is oneself a poet, does it not?"

The government official looked at his watch. It was past twelve, he said, midnight.

"Past twelve?" The priest took two caramelli in tissue paper from his pocket and offered one to the signorina, who smiled and thanked him, unwrapped and ate it gravely.

"Past twelve," the Genoese turned to the priest, reminding him. The priest knew that. You might think he should not eat, since his fast began at twelve. But no. He would drink, too. Twelve by the clock, yes, but that was not the real time. He allowed himself until 12.20 before he fasted, that was really the right time, by the logical measure, the sun.

He took out a bottle of cordial and swallowed a little. The Genoese looked at him inquiringly. Naturally he kept the rule of fasting from midnight till he had said mass every day? Obviously, the priest replied, though for that matter religion was here—he touched his breast—not in the letter. The eyes of the Genoese, who had twice quoted Voltaire since Sesto Levante, twinkled.

A moth blew in against the light; and this gentleman spelt out butterfly for me and asked how that was pronounced in English. I told him.

"Ah, then," cried the signorina, "that is what the opera means, Madame Butterflai, she was a farfalla—vero!"

Four hours had now passed and, with incredible vitality, the conversation had been kept up, broken only by such pauses as might occur in an oration or a monologue. We were nearing Pietrasanta, not so far from Pisa, where the official's family and I were to descend. The wind from the sea blew in out of

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the darkness outside, with now and then the perfume of oleanders. The two sons came and stood in the door, one of them a dark, athletic looking youth, the other shorter, with red hair brushed straight up in the Fascisti fashion. That boy, the father said to me, was an artist; he had painted already a picture that went to the exhibition and took a prize, and he was only fifteen.

"But," said the Genoese gentleman, and smiled at the signorina, "how fortunate you are, Signora, to have a daughter!" The signorina smiled back at her father charmingly.

"Ah, yes," the official answered, "that is true. She is not our daughter, however."

"No," the signora added, while the little girl huddled against her knee, "she is a child we have adopted."

"It was only one more you see," the official said, his kind eyes looking almost abashed, "and it takes no more to feed one than it does for the rest of them."

The signora drew back the little girl's head and kissed her. The priest asked if the child's mother was dead.

"No," said the signora, while the child listened with round eyes, "living—living in Verona. We took this little one when she was three. We found her on the streets, her mother had her out begging. The mother was an unfortunate."

"Bad," the official said.

"And what chance was there for the poor little thing? Her mother would only have brought her up to shame. She herself was already finished. A pretty woman but she'd got fat already."

"She was already fat," the fifteen-year old son explained again.

"Imagine!" the child said.

"Do you remember your mother?" the signorina asked.

The little girl opened a locket that she wore on a silver chain and showed us all the picture of her mother, a beautiful, dark face, with a full mouth and great wild eyes.

"When we took her," the signora went on, "she was like your little finger, and all rags. E vero?" She turned to the child, who nodded her head in agreement.

The child looked at the company. "Imagine," she said, "at first I could not even go to bed alone, I was always afraid."

By now the train was drawing into Pisa. We took down our belongings from the racks and said good-bye. The official and his wife, the two larger boys, the little boy and the little girl shook hands with everyone. The official himself turned last to the two men from White Plains and kissed them; and with that seemed to express exactly what he felt.

STARK YOUNG.

Where Statesmen Come From

IT is an ideal of popular government that the legislature should be a mirror of the nation. This is roughly sought after by electoral districts and party divisions. Geography and party are essential, but they are also cloaks which conceal other factors in the makeup of a legislative body. These factors are important but are not much discussed. Consideration of them is frequently limited to the tacit assumption that there should be some diversification of interest. A legislature, that is to say, composed entirely of farmers or millionaires is not desired. But the proportion of diversification is a crucial element in the quality of a legislature as a representative and lawmaking body. An intelligence test or a division into left and right does not tell the whole story.

There are some matters (for example, a surtax on incomes) where a sectional or party label does not determine the economic "principles" which will be appealed to. A lawyer is more likely than a farmer to believe that the sovereignty of the Supreme Court (or of one member of the Supreme Court) should not be challenged. A holder of railroad securities is somewhat inclined to favor non-confiscatory freight rates, and a senator who describes himself as "America's largest producer of wool and mutton" may be more anxious than a coal miner for a tariff on wool or for agricultural credits.

The occupational basis of legislative bodies, in other words, is as significant as, although much more complex than, the geographical or party basis. The background, education, environment, and worldly goods of members of Parliament and Congress are of as much importance as the fact that the legislators are Liberals, Conservatives, Republicans, or Democrats. Groupings come according to economic interest as well as the demands of party and constituency; they are determined by imponderable elements which do not readily lend themselves to measurement. It is possible, however, to indicate the present occupational basis of representation in Parliament and Congress and some striking differences are shown.

Mr. Keynes described the House of Commons elected in December, 1918, as containing "a lot of hard-faced men who look as if they had done very well out of the war." Labor made some gains in the 1922 election. Not counting these members and the placemen (who must resign from corporate posts when they enter a ministry) there were 255 (out of 400) members of Mr. Bonar Law's House of Commons who were landowners or company directors; the capital they represented was esti-

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mated at two billion pounds. The election last December made further changes, and the major groups of Conservative and Liberal members of the present House of Commons have been classified by Mr. Harold J. Laski in a recent issue of the Manchester Guardian:

Finance	19	Doctors	3
Coal	8	Land	20
Lawyers	85	Teachers	5
Army	20	Merchants	54
Navy	8	Engineering and steel	24
Textiles	21	Journalists	16
Brewing	5	Transport	17
Rentiers	68		

Differences in the makeup of the two parties are considerable but not striking. One fourth of the members of the Conservative party hold hereditary titles or are intimately related to members of the House of Lords. Of the rentiers listed in the table, fifty-eight are Conservatives; the army and navy seem to continue their traditional Conservative bias. Only eleven members of the Liberal party are closely associated with the aristocracy, and, as Mr. Laski says, "Liberalism therefore attracts preeminently the middle classes of the community." In the House of Lords, there are 272 company directors (a peerage has a distinct value in a stock prospectus). There are 242 peers who represent landowning interests, and, according to an estimate made last year by the Labor Research Department, 227 peers own 7,362,009 acres of land. Sixty-nine insurance companies have 106 peers as their representatives; forty-two banks have sixty-six members; six peers are newspaper owners, and twelve are brewers, hardly a sufficient number to justify reference to the upper chamber as the "Beerage." Capital and industry are thus strongly intrenched in Parliament and the Labor party offers a striking contrast. Its membership is made up as follows:

Mines	46	Printing	5
Engineering and shipbuilding	10	Public Service	3
General labor	7	Coöperative	3
Transport	10	Merchants	11
Railways	6	Rentiers	7
Textiles	4	Journalists	14
Metal workers	4	Lawyers	5
Other trade unions	31	Teachers	12
Agriculture	2	Bankers	1
Clergy	2	Army	1
Farmers	1	Doctors	3
Accountants	1	Boot and shoe	2

The trade unions are represented by 136 members (an increase of fifty from the last Parliament) but the party also contains quite a mixture of intellectuals and professional men. Seven are rentiers, but only one is directly connected with the aristocracy. The miners, who number one fifth of the members of the Trade Union Congress, return one third of the total trade union membership in the House of Commons. This, naturally, is due to the great concentration of miners in certain areas. Indeed, it may be said that the British Labor party has an occupational basis which is slightly broader than its geographical basis. Hardly any Labor members are returned from the southern and south midland counties, from Central Wales, or from the Scottish Highlands. Our own solid South has several parallels in England.

It is thus clear that capital and labor are sharply represented in Parliament, but instead of clear-cut divisions, the American Congress shows only nuances. Practically the only source of information as to who congressmen are is the Congressional Directory for which representatives and senators write their own sketches. These sometimes make up in humor for what they lack in information. They enumerate achievements in college (membership in the Y. M. C. A. or the football team) and some answer political charges that have been made back home. One representative even announces that he was "illegally and unjustly declared discharged" from the army during the war; but on the directorships that they hold and the income taxes that they pay, congressmen are rather vague. Furthermore, the biographies are sometimes misleading, for their authors, in the desire to impress, report several occupations. But the following analysis of the present House of Representatives is sufficiently accurate to warrant comparison with the House of Commons:

Lawyers	262	Journalists	13
Bankers	9	Ministers	1
Army	1	Actors	1
Farmers	10	Doctors	6
Trade union officials	2	Dentists	3
Merchants	44	Manufacturers	9
Publishers	1	Real Estate	3
Teachers	13	Engineers	1

Nearly sixty members of the House fail to report their occupations, and there are a number of cases, as I have said, where men are both bankers and farmers, and lawyers and insurance agents. Six senators fail to report their occupations, but the remainder may be grouped as follows:

Lawyers	58	Journalists	3
Well drillers	1	Doctors	3
Bankers	3	Business men	6
Advertising	1	Stock breeders	2
Farmers	8	Teachers	3
Dentists	1	Engineers	1

Congress is thus dominated by lawyers, and modest lawyers at that, for the ones with lucrative corporate connections rarely seek membership in the national legislature. Substantial majorities in both

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branches belong to the profession which, as Burke said, quickens and invigorates the understanding, but which "is not apt, except in persons happily born, to open and liberalize the mind in the same proportion." De Tocqueville thought that our lawyers were "the most powerful existing security against the excesses of democracy." The question may be raised as to whether they are not a security against the progress of democracy, for, to most congressional lawyers, modern legal education is a dark continent, unknown, but believed to contain dangers. The principal problems of modern government are now economic, and any special competence that lawyers have may be purchased in the form of legislative drafting assistance.

It is the middle class, the bourgeoisie, rather than the aristocracy, the plutocracy, or the proletariat which is represented in Congress. There are of course some rich, and some poor men, but there is no sharp division of classes as in Parliament.

Nor have we many (or any?) of the so-called intellectuals in Congress. These differences are due to the conservatism of both major parties; the absence of any real division between them; the selection of candidates by irresponsible, extra-governmental party organizations; the choice of the cabinet outside of Congress so that ability goes unrewarded; the interest of business in influence rather than direct representation, and the size of the country which requires a man serving in Congress to neglect his business and live in Washington.

Finally—and this is probably the most important consideration—American legislators represent the districts in which they reside. Mr. Laski points out that only 173 (of 600) members of the House of Commons are so connected, and he adds: "If the forty-one miners elected for their own districts are removed as being a special case, four-fifths of the House is national rather than local in character." At the election last December, 416 local candidates were rejected, including 221 who had had local government experience in the divisions which they contested. Mr. Laski agrees with Lord Bryce "that the absence of the local rule as a qualification for Parliament is at once its chief safeguard of quality and its main rampart against corrupt parochialism."

Congress, in Burke's phrase, is "a confused and scuffling bustle of local agency," but this "Deputantism," as it is called in France, while it may make easier the formation of blocs to protect economic interests that are largely sectional, helps to avoid for us the lineup between labor and capital which is evident in Parliament and to keep the antagonists out of the congressional arena. That we thus avoid an open clash of economic interests is a mixed blessing, but that Congress has a too narrow, and too predominantly middle class occupational basis is unquestionable. A broader basis would result in greater congressional competence.

LINDSAY ROGERS.

A New Salon in Paris

IT is twenty years since the autumn salon opened its doors in Paris. That marked as well as anything the beginning of public interest in the new period of French painting. Cézanne had yet three years to live, and Renoir was in the full tide of his latest "manner." Gauguin and Van Gogh and Seurat were dead, but they were not yet known except to the few. The first Autumn Salon, which was held in the basement of the Petit Palais, attracted little attention, but the second, held in the Grand Palais, was a success. The Autumn Salon came with succeeding years to be more and more *the* salon, as the men of the newer schools came to be the men who alone were seriously discussed and recognized. The change in balance between the Academy and the insurgents is so remarkable that whereas twenty years ago every one knew the names of the great official painters, men like Jean Paul Laurens, Bonnat, Carolus Duran, Benjamin Constant, and Roll, today no one knows whether there are such, and when I asked a number of painters the other day to name some, no one could give me any other name than Besnard.

The impressionists and their successors have virtually displaced the Beaux Arts painting except for fashionable portraiture.

Last year a new salon was opened in Paris, and this year I saw its second exhibition. It is called the Salon des Tuileries. A group of members includes prominent younger men and some old left-wing conservatives like Besnard, Blanche, Le Sidanier and Aman Jean. These exhibit and invite exhibits from others. The show does not rival the other salons in extent and does not compete with the independents as an opportunity for the young unknown. It does however give a fairly satisfactory summary of French painting today, and the few important omissions can be made good by one-man shows that have been recently held. I do not here intend to speak of particular painters or pictures, for nothing seems to me more futile than talk of works that have not been seen. But this is a good opportunity to draw a summary balance sheet of the paintings of the last twenty years.

To write of modern painting one must go back to the impressionists who were its real initiators in a very important sense. Before them it had been generally true that the pigments employed in painting had lost themselves in constituting the textures which represented objects. There were red and yellow robes, flesh-colored bodies, green foliage and meadows, blue waters and skies. The greatest

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colorists, a Fra Angelico, a Rubens, a Poussin, or a Delacroix, managed none the less to make color compose a picture, but this was not because their method was different from that of their contemporaries, but because their color genius was so great that color in their work forced itself to a quality of general control.

With the impressionists a change came about. In part their tendency was to reduce objects to values of colored light, and to distribute that colored light impartially over the whole canvas. In consequence, what had formerly been foreground, middle distance and background, now became parts of one homogeneous color mass. Naturally there were differences of texture and distance represented, but these were made by varying the proportion of the elements which remained homogeneous despite the adaptation to the needs of the local space. A landscape was no longer made up of three parts, but of one part only. Distances ceased to carry away into remoteness, but remained flat upon the canvas, in their color at least, even if the perspective tried to lead the eye away.

Even perspectives came in time to be tempered to the pictorial exigencies, a teaching due to the Japanese. Filling a canvas with a color composition, and filling it with a flattened space composition went very well together. Twenty years ago this practice had become fairly familiar and had been applied with more or less success by Degas, Pissaro, Cézanne, and Renoir, by Seurat, Gauguin, and Van Gogh.

Up to twenty years ago French painting had been in a sense predominantly expressionist. That is to say, no predominant interest in form excluded an interest in the subject. Degas and Manet and Monet, like the De Goncourts and Zola, believed that one thing was just as interesting as another, but they had not yet made that further step where no thing was to be interesting. The subject counted for a lot though it might be any subject. One needed merely to study it and so to see it with penetrating impartiality. But through the influence largely of Cézanne, a change came. Cézanne's main work was the forging of an instrument. He chanced to be like Matisse, for example, and strikingly unlike Picasso, a man with very little aptitude for clearly seeing an immediate goal and hitting straight at it. He had indeed a goal, but much of his time even in his full maturity was devoted to getting to the point where he could seize it with direct assurance. Emile Bernard, who visited him in his later years, found that a still life on which Cézanne was working shifted about from day to day. Vollard's portrait, a very late work, took one hundred and fifteen sittings and was then not finished, and was satisfactory to the painter in only a few spots. Cézanne was always trying to systematize his method so that painting a picture directly and bringing it to a conclusion, as had been done by the Venetians or Rubens, should become practicable. He believed in the possibilities of such a method, and his letters and conversations contain many references to it and indications of what it might be.

The first generation of those who were influenced by Cézanne did not go far in general theories, but were impressed chiefly by his immediate pictorial character. But there soon came a time when Bergson on the one hand and modern mathematical speculation on the other were notably influencing a large public, and these things combined themselves easily with the generalized formulas suggested by and in part derived from Cézanne's search for a systematic adequate form. Seurat also now came into honor, for he more than any other forerunner had treated the object as a mere compositional element. Negro sculpture was at first more interesting because it was elemental than because it was plastic. All these special interests and others of a like kind flowed easily together into a current of pictorial metaphysics which was as influential as it was, unfortunately, absurd. It was influential because metaphysical novices tend to take the abstract for the real. It was absurd because this is nonsense. Picasso, who played so great a rôle in the following years, was specially obsessed by the superior validity of the abstract. In our frequent discussions he would try to make it clear to me that a head reduced to a collection of pyramids was more real than a phenomenal head. "Do you call that real?" he would say, pointing to the nose in a Cézanne or Renoir portrait; "No, *this* is real," and he would draw a pyramidal diagram to show what a *real* nose was.

This childish nonsense would not be worth recalling if it had not had so great an influence on the painters at that time. Of course not all of them were so intellectually simple as this, but essentially there was not much to choose between them. The creative fervor was inflated by Bergson's *élan vital*, which just then was on every one's lips, and creation as an artistic function took on a new meaning. The new painters made pitchers more real than they had hitherto been by painting them half in profile and half in plan. They made the figure more real by sectioning it in a thousand and one ways. Any way was good so long as the result was elemental. They made planes more real by schematizing them. They made increase of unity by interpenetrating planes. There was an orgy of "realization," though not at all in the simple sense in which Cézanne had understood this term. What they really did accomplish was occasional interesting compositions, which were also at times expressive, but in the main these pictures excited more conversation than they induced contemplation. This was an art which very few could take as authentic except with the stimulus of the contemporary excitement, and when the excitement subsided this art form lost prestige.

Besides the cubists there were the expressionists of one kind or another. Of these the chief was Matisse. It is one of the typical psychological enigmas that Matisse, who was intellectually keen,

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should have been a sheer expressionist in his intention, while Picasso, who is entirely expressionist by his gifts, intellectualized insufferably. I always believed that Matisse was on the main highway of modern painting and that Picasso had taken a by-way which ended in a blind alley, and the present exhibition seems to prove this true. Expressionism is triumphant all along the line. (I use this term in no technical sense, but to contrast generally with the purpose of those who sought the immediate affirmation of *reality* or the direct creation of "significant form.") There is the usual choice of subjects — lots of nudes, landscapes, figure compositions, still lifes—quite the regular thing, but the manner of it is not the old manner. There is almost throughout a quality of paint; there are compositions that fill the frame, so that a picture with a foreground, a middle-distance and a background seems an anachronism; there is an apparent pleasure in fresh color, or perhaps better, color freshness, even when the pictures are almost monochrome; there is a liveliness in the conception of the themes that makes the general expression of the exhibition singularly agreeable. I enjoyed the show and felt that this is in the main what painting ought to be. This is the kind of thing that can go on with variations. It brings painting close to the expressive interest of people in general and corresponds in a way to folk songs, to simple elementary goods, to primitive ornament, to aesthetic beer and skittles in short, though the method is no bar to the altitudes. In this salon is conspicuous a quality of immediate interest which was for a while submerged beneath the efforts of a generation trying to create a new art because it wanted one.

Of cubism there is little evidence in the salon, though it is true that the principal cubist painters are not represented. Picasso used often to conclude our discussions of cubism by saying that even if it was all wrong in itself still its disciplinary value would prove to be great. I doubt whether this has been the case. The tendency of Cézanne and Renoir, of Seurat, Gauguin and others had been to give structural quality to modern painting, and cubism seems to me to have done little more than to have made this arid. In any case here is a happy reaction, and art is once more winning a legitimate freedom.

Freedom is indeed the interesting quality in this salon. It is the result in part, perhaps, of the conflict of tendencies that was recently so strong. One gets the impression in this salon that people like to paint and paint as they like; that they have become sufficiently civilized, in respect of this matter anyway, to be entrusted with a brush and colors. Most of the pictures would by a novice be called sketches, but really they are not. The apparent sketchiness is really the bareness of the medium. One feels a happy approach to that more humane art of the Far East which can be popular without being crude, an art in which the amateur, too, can have a part, so that the painting of a general, a statesman, a merchant or a farmer, would differ from that of a professional painter by its lesser skill, but not by a lesser reality of interest.

LEO STEIN.

CORRESPONDENCE

The War on the Peace Seekers

SIR: The article, The War on the Peace Seekers, by Leonard Cline, in the New Republic of July 2, contains several inaccurate and misleading statements concerning this publication (the Woman Patriot).

Mr. Cline, after a column and a half of hysterics over Mobilization Day, in which he misrepresents statements by two editors, two army officers, and a chart prepared by one woman employe of the War Department, as "the spectacle of the military riding down the women of America," says:

> "Another natural ally is the vengeful remnant of the old anti-suffrage crowd. It is represented now largely by the Woman Patriot—J. S. Eichelberger, editor, was an aggressive anti; Mary G. Kilbreth, president of the Woman Patriot, was president of the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage. Late in 1920, when her cause was lost at last, Miss Kilbreth was quoted as saying that the antis would continue hostilities by using the votes thrust upon them to dispute all measures of the victorious suffragists."

It is true that the president of this publication was president of the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage. It is also true that the editor was an "aggressive anti." It is absolutely false that there is any "vengeful remnant of the old anti-suffrage crowd," or that Miss Kilbreth ever made any such statement.

If Miss Kilbreth "was quoted as saying," why doesn't Mr. Cline quote her? Why does he use the dishonest device of *describing* an alleged quotation instead of letting his readers see it for themselves? The answer is because he had no such quotation. And his description of such a statement is 100 percent false.

The fact is that no body of women in this country has exhibited finer sportsmanship than "the old anti-suffrage crowd."

The day the Supreme Court declared that the proclamation of the Nineteenth Amendment was "conclusive upon the court," and that it could not inquire into the alleged irregularities in ratification, etc., thereby upholding the Amendment, the president of the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage issued a statement declaring that it was "automatically disbanded" by the decision, and calling a meeting to wind up its affairs. Within fifteen days after the Supreme Court's decision, both the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage, and the twenty-six state associations affiliated with it, had disbanded and closed up all their offices.

There is not a single present issue or policy of the Woman Patriot which is not endorsed by thousands of suffragists.

Honest criticism of our attitude on any subject, past, present or future, we expect and welcome. But dishonest distortion of the facts, and malicious statements as to our motives in advocating or opposing measures, we resent and protest against as unfair to the public—which has a right to the truth—as well as unjust to this publication and the women who subscribe to it, including many suffragists who agree with us in opposing extreme feminism, pacifism, bureaucracy and centralism, although they did not agree with us in our opposition to woman suffrage.

J. S. EICHELBERGER.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: Concerning most of Mr. Eichelberger's letter there is nothing for me to say. I might point out that my hysterics over Mobilization Day, which is a dour reality, are not quite so amusing as Mr. Eichelberger's hysterics over the Red Revolution, which is a bogey. In a letter to myself Mr. Eichelberger damns me frantically as the Judas who has given over to the hands of

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the Bolsheviki the person of Mrs. Lucia R. Maxwell, author of the spider-web chart. Mr. Eichelberger expects that she will be blown up any day now. This is all so silly!

Concerning Mr. Eichelberger's charge of prevarication, I would like to point out that as a matter of fact there was such a statement by Miss Kilbreth. It was printed in an article in the New York Evening Post on September 11, 1920, under the heading Antis Will Vote—to Rebuke Suffs, Says Miss Kilbreth. The article is signed by one Mary Siegrist, and is an interview with Miss Kilbreth, immediately after the triumph of the suffragists.

Limitations of space prevented my quoting from the article directly. I attempted to paraphrase it, feeling and idea, in a sentence. The entire interview runs almost a column, and obviously cannot be reprinted wholly even now that its existence has been challenged. One paragraph from it will suffice.

> "There is a startling feature about this victory—if you call it a victory," said Miss Kilbreth. "Usually, when a conqueror defeats the foe, he disarms them. The reverse has happened here. In defeating us the suffragists have put a weapon into our hands. They have given us a weapon to use against them. Many of our members will use the ballot to register an emphatic protest against the vicious means by which it has been obtained."

Mr. Eichelberger may continue to object to my paraphrase of such a statement. I will certainly continue to think it was quite justified.

LEONARD CLINE.

New York City, N. Y.

'Sconset's School of Opinion

SIR: Your readers may be interested in knowing some of the facts about the present session of the 'Sconset School of Opinion.

A school without trustees, endowment or economic control; a school to awaken enthusiasm, to learn how to live, to go to college in two months instead of nine—this is the experiment that the 'Sconset Moors Summer School at Siasconset, Massachusetts, is making. It holds its third annual session from July 13 to September 18 in a big, open-to-the-air lecture hall by the ocean in an old fishing village at the farthermost end of Nantucket Island. There are no text books, no examinations and no degrees. Lectures are informal and discussion prevails. There are round-table conferences, tramps over the moors, bathing, golf and an out-of-door life.

The 'Sconset Summer School is the first adventure of this kind in America, like the summer schools of England and the continent. It was organized by Frederic C. Howe and a number of distinguished men are coöperating in the experiment. Among the speakers from the universities are Alexander Meiklejohn, Professors Raymond Lull of Yale, Elton Mayo of the University of Pennsylvania, Horace M. Kallen of the New School, Stephen H. Duggan of Columbia, Woodbridge Riley of Vassar, Walton H. Hamilton, Everett Dean Martin of the People's Institute, H. W. L. Dana and Herbert R. Cross, and Herbert Adams Gibbons of Princeton. Among the artists and writers who come are Gutzon Borglum the sculptor, Hendrik Van Loon, Herbert Bayard Swope, editor of the World; Bruce Bliven of the New Republic, Glenn Frank and Carl Van Doren of the Century Magazine, Sinclair Lewis, Lloyd Dell, Oswald Garrison Villard and Lewis Gannett of the Nation, Judge R. W. Winston of North Carolina, and Frederic C. Howe.

There will be a number of psychoanalysts who will discuss the new psychology in its relation to life, vocation and happiness.

The subject for the entire session is Civilization, as it relates to man. The school is divided into four periods: Science, Philosophy and Psychology; Literature and the Fine Arts; Politics and International Relations. During September the School of Opinion is devoted to problems of the day and attracts college students and teachers.

FREDERIC C. HOWE.

Siasconset, Mass.

The Barnes-Hazen Controversy

SIR: If you are still giving space to the Barnes-Hazen controversy, I request a little as one of the arbiters to whom Mr. Barnes appealed his case. I should, perhaps, not have responded to this appeal from one so capable of defending his own position, had not Mr. Hazen, in his letter in your issue of May 7, implied that silence might be construed as toleration of his recent performance. I feel impelled to place on record a statement that my own attitude is not one of toleration. Although I had entertained great expectations of the new edition of Mr. Hazen's book, as filling a long-felt want for a text of its scope, I was obliged regretfully to condemn his second volume as utterly unfit to be placed in the hands of students. Not least important among the reasons for this condemnation was the almost incredible discovery that his account of the origins of the late war was simply a reprint of his summary version of 1916.

In regard to Mr. Hazen's argument that the brevity of this treatment does not permit of an extended presentation and examination of evidence, the objection must surely be raised that such cursory disposal of the most important and controversial subject on which he is writing is wholly out of proportion to the later chapters, in which he finds room for the inclusion of such profoundly significant facts as that the much lauded Mussolini is given to driving his automobile at the rate of 100 kilometers an hour.

My reluctance to enter the debate started by Mr. Barnes is due largely to a profound distaste for the whole subject. No task is to me more melancholy than the annual revision of my treatment of the origins of the war in my courses. It is irksome to have to sift through so much new evidence; it is painful to have to go turning over the bones of one's own dead emotions and illusions. In some ways the man is to be envied who can find in recent revelations no reason for changing his opinions formed eight years ago. How saving of time and trouble and of mental distress! Unhappily for my own peace of mind, however, the historical conscience and critical faculties persisting from my perhaps too recent experience of graduate training reject the comfortable blinders. And so I go on revising and striving after the great goal of "scientific objectivity," with results ever more at variance with the Treaty of Versailles and Mr. Hazen's simplified narrative.

I will concede to the members of the old guard who are still so valiantly fighting the war behind the lines that it is as yet too soon, and our information is too incomplete, to permit of arriving at a final and completely grounded judgment as to the responsibility for the events of 1914. I will even admit, though my own opinion tends otherwise, that it is possible for an unimpaired intelligence to incline toward the conclusions of Messrs. Hazen and Turner. But surely, the tale is no longer so simple as it appeared in the old days of obscurantist propaganda. And even more surely is it the duty of writers and teachers of history to repress the passions and prejudices of those old days through which they have lived, and to present the rising generation with all the facts possible as a basis for forming their own opinions.

JOSEPH V. FULLER.

Madison, Wis.

The Middle-Aged Woman

SIR: The Job and the Middle-Aged Woman leaves many of us cold. The ladies quoted did not need the "job" financially—would have taken it if found from one who did—but there is a wonderful business outside the restricting "job"—as a concrete illustration the lady next door—keeps an attractive home, and also is an active member of the League of Women Voters, non-partisan, is on its jury committee and has practically served to commit many a bootlegger—an active member of the County Historical Society—takes long walks with the Bird Club—collects antiques, and leavens these activities with bridge, luncheons, etc. The middle-aged woman who is discontented is simply unduly self-centred.

LOUISE NORTH PRICE.

West Chester, Pa.

Mrs. Fauset's Confusion

SIR: Your review of Jessie Fauset's There Is Confusion is really not worthy of the New Republic. It is not a review or even a comment, but a quite gratuitous slur upon a work which, whatever its merits, is at least a sincere and unusual product.

W. E. B. DUBOIS.

New York City, N. Y.

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Joiners

THERE is probably only one street in the United States longer than McCall Street, and that is the street inhabited by those who at one time or another went through a secret rough-house initiation, and were blindfolded, and swore a great oath to keep a small secret, and learned a password, and a complicated way of shaking hands, and so went through life fortified by the knowledge that they would never be deserted and forgotten so long as there remained alive any other member of the Improved, the Independent, the Royal, the Exalted, the Hermetic, or the Imperial Order, Union, Circle or Brotherhood of Oaks, Elks, Geese, Cubs, Fleas, Owls, Red Men, Yellow Dogs, or Galilean Fishermen.

Beginning with the Ku Klux Klan, the Masons, the Odd Fellows, the Elks, the Rechabites, the Daughters of Rebekah, the Moose, the Woodmen, the Knights of Pythias, the Good Templars, the Eagles, with anywhere from half a million to three million members, all the way down to little companies of secret fellowship that you and I never heard of—the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo, the Hooded Ladies of the Mystic Den, the Mystic Workers of the World, the Order of the Omah Language—there are probably nearer twenty than fifteen million men and women in this country who have, or still do, belong to a secret society. Mr. Arthur Preuss has compiled a dictionary* of all the secret societies he could lay his hands on. The dictionary is an official guide to Catholics—"a reference work on the subject of societies into which Catholics are liable to be drawn." Naturally it includes, for its purposes, a few evidently non-anti-Catholic and non-secret organizations as the A. F. of L., the Screen Writers Guild and Mr. Frederic C. Howe's 'Sconset School of Opinion, but for the most part it is an amazing collection of page after page of mysterious brotherhoods, a great many of which are anti-Catholic in sentiment if not by actual statement.

We Americans are proud of our native states, we belong to political parties, we deposit in banks, we become members of unions and alumni associations, but above all these in quantity and in the quality of peculiar loyalty we become members of lodges—we are Joiners. Surely there is no other country in the world with so many joiners, no other country in which such a vast proportion of hard-headed business men and their wives will rush to belong to something with a name which their children might easily have invented—the Red Rovers of the World, the Oriental Rite of Memphis and Mizraim, the Order of Mules, the Sons of Jonadab, the Western Bees, the Pythian Sisterhood, the Lodge of Junior Conquerors, the Jovian Order—a secret organization of men engaged in the electrical industry, whose motto is: "All Together All the Time for Everything Electrical."

Let us not be in too great a hurry to confess to the world and complain among ourselves of our standardization, of our lack of tradition, of the too-obvious surface resemblance of one small town to another, of our United Cigar Stores, and chain groceries, and mail-order shoes, and universal dental creams, and inter-state facial expressions. There are forces among us working for mystery, and variety, and splendor, and secrecy, for harkings back to lost religions, forgotten mystic kingdoms of the East, faintly remembered rites. Let us remember that this familiar flood of straw hats in the street may conceal, here a sworn votary of the Ancient Order of Shepherds, there a Sublime Prince of the Royal Secret; here a Mystic Noble of Granada, there a Stag of the World. We have no king, to be sure, but we have a Sovereign Grand Inspector-General. We tell people to step lively, and watch this space, but these same people are quite likely to be Knights of the Ninth or Royal Arch, and connoisseurs of a more flowery language. We have plenty of cops, stiffs, ginks, guys, birds, pips, queens, saps, janes, docs, plutes, wops and skirts, but this hurried, slangy monosyllabic, efficient society has also its full quota of United Ancient Druids, Tall Cedars of Lebanon, Royal Fellows of Bagdad, and Prudent Patricians of Pompeii of the United States of America.

As we travel about on the top surface of life, in the midst of the radio and the great daily newspapers, the harsh obvious light shed over most of our surroundings makes them seem unmysterious and modern to the point of being prosaically contemporary. We look back—a few of us—to richer, darker centuries, and their buried treasure of strange names, quaint customs, peculiar sects, secret beliefs, and mystic fellowships. But what fascination would not the historian of the future find in digging about our less-known corners? What wild conjectures would he not indulge in, what glowing reconstructions of another mystic-mechanical Middle-Age, once he was on the trail of our lodges and secret societies? How people some centuries from now would he amused and charmed by a forgotten America which cherished, along with Fords and mail-chutes and file-cabinets and lily-cups, the Ancient Egyptian Order of Sciots, the Ancient (but not Egyptian) Order of Muts (Men United to Serve) the Daytime Wives, the Exalted Order of Big Dogs (an association of musicians) and those who signify distress, when among fellow-members, "by placing the right hand over the left breast with the back of the hand out"? They will give us and our time some such name as mediaeval, and they will not be far wrong. We brand the Klan as mediaeval, but it belongs pretty much to our time, and to a society in which millions of men and women belonging to hundreds of little orders were ready to pour their separate secrecies, rites and prejudices into a larger, a national vessel.

The Klan, catch-all of ignorances and hatreds, is perhaps the sinister total of innocent items. Some of the items are extremely innocent. We wish there were less "lodgified Societies of Christian Endeavour," fewer heirs of Knownothingism, and more little clubs like the Knot-Hole Club, founded at Bristol, Tennessee, and now "spreading throughout the country under the auspices of to Rotarians." The Knot-Hole Clubs "represent a curious 'blending of religion with clean athletics.'" "An arrangement is made by the local Rotary Club with the management of the baseball park, by which any boy of fourteen or under, black or white, wearing short pants, is admitted to the park on payment of only ten cents instead of twenty-five cents, if he can present a card signifying that he is a member of the Knot-Hole Club in good standing. To secure this card a boy must sign the following obligation: "I will attend Sunday School every Sunday except in case of sickness, I will not use curse words, and will lead a clean life. I will be a rooter for the home baseball team. . . ."

ROBERT LITTELL.

* A Dictionary of Secret and Other Societies. Compiled by A. Preuss. St. Louis and London: B. Herder Book Company. $3.50.

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Carlyle and Mill

Carlyle and Mill, by Emery Neff. New York: Columbia University Press. $2.25.

Letters of Thomas Carlyle to John Stuart Mill, John Sterling, and Robert Browning; edited by Alexander Carlyle, M. A. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $6.00.

MR. NEFF reminds us in his preface that Herbert Spencer once expressed the hope that some one would make a comparison between John Stuart Mill and Thomas Carlyle. Such a comparison of the two captains necessarily must recall the lines upon which the two opposed regiments of English thought did battle during the greater part of the nineteenth century. On the one hand was the standard of the conscious, of trust in reason and intellect, of individual liberty of thought, borne by Mill; and on the other the banner of the unconscious, of reliance on the intuitive and the mystical, of authority and obedience, uplifted by Carlyle. His essay on Characteristics is a diatribe against intellectualism and a eulogy of the unconscious. "The healthy know not of their health but only the sick . . . The sign of health is unconsciousness." Naturally it was on the moral front that the contest was waged most fiercely. Mill inherited from his father and Bentham a rational system of ethics. Utilitarianism, "the creed which accepts as the foundation of morals utility or the greatest happiness principle, holds that actions are right in proportion as they tend to promote happiness, wrong as they tend to produce the reverse of happiness." To this we find Carlyle replying:

> What act of legislature was there that thou shouldest be happy? A little while ago thou hadst no right *to be* at all. What if thou wert born and predestined to be unhappy? Art thou nothing other than a vulture then that fliest through the universe seeking after somewhat to eat and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not given thee?

Mill thus defines the region of human liberty:

> It comprises, first, the inward domain of consciousness; demanding liberty of conscience in the most comprehensive sense; liberty of thought and feeling; absolute freedom of opinion and sentiment on all subjects, practical or speculative, scientific, moral or theological.

On the other hand, we have Carlyle's cry:

> O, if thou really art my senior, seigneur, my elder, presbyter or priest—if thou art in very deed my wiser, may a beneficent instinct lead and impel thee to conquer me, to command me. If thou do know better than I what is good and right, force me to do it; were it by never such brass collars, whips and handcuffs, leave me not to walk over precipices. . . Liberty requires new definitions.

The opposition runs widely and deeply through English literature of the century. Carlyle found at Oxford, recovering from the mystical quest of Tractarianism, men like Froude and Clough who, having followed Newman to the frontier of Rome and recoiled, were apt pupils of his transcendentalism. Cambridge with its tradition of mathematical studies and the rationalistic moral philosophy of Paley was the nursery of Mill's school (Leslie Stephen, Henry Fawcett, W. K. Clifford) which ultimately came to include the group of younger rationalists, Frederic Harrison, John Morley, Herbert Spencer. Carlyle's social criticism found its most earnest response in Charles Kingsley and John Ruskin; of whom the one sought to translate the lessons of the master into the fiction of Yeast and Alton Locke; the other into the fact of the Guild of St. George. Not only Kingsley but Disraeli, Dickens and Mrs. Gaskell put Carlyle into fiction. His spiritual doctrine lent itself readily to the religious uses of the Broad Churchmen like Maurice, Stanley and Robertson; it guided Tennyson in his conflict with intellectual doubt; and it became the theme of triumph in Browning's oft repeated dramatic contests of the heart and the head; it was the inspiration of Aurora Leigh. George Eliot tried to mediate between the forces of Carlyle and Mill; and at the very close of the century we have Meredith and Hardy in almost dramatic opposition asserting the claims of the conscious and the unconscious, reason and instinct, the freedom of intelligent will and the bondage to nature.

In view of the capital importance of these two figures it is strange that the comparison suggested by Spencer should not have been undertaken before this. The omission cannot be regretted, however, in the light of the full, exact and luminous statement which Mr. Neff has given us. He has supplied a most useful part of the foundation for a synthetic study of English literature in the nineteenth century, and has given his learning a readable form which is reminiscent of French rather than of English or American scholarship. He first sketches the early relations of Carlyle and Mill; Carlyle's delighted greeting of Mill as "a new mystic," on reading The Spirit of the Age; their correspondence; Mill's assistance to Carlyle in his early days in London, his giving over his collection of materials for Carlyle's History of the French Revolution, the unfortunate destruction of the first volume while in Mill's possession and his generous advance of £200 to enable Carlyle to continue the work. Mr. Neff gives an admirable account of the background against which these men appeared, the changing England of the industrial revolution with the Benthamites seeking to apply radical thought to ethics and politics against the violent opposition of mystics and sentimentalists, Tories and Whigs. It was in their common contempt and detestation of such a world that Carlyle and Mill found themselves near together. Both were disillusioned with the faiths in which they had been nurtured, Mill with the arid rationalism of Bentham, Carlyle with Calvinistic Christianity. Both passed through the process of conversion, to which Carlyle gives a volcanic chapter, The Everlasting No, in Sartor Resartus; Mill a typically restrained account in his Autobiography. Both were pupils in the presence of the same teachers, Kant and Fichte in Germany, Saint Simon in France, Coleridge in England.

In his later chapters Mr. Neff shows how inevitably opposition arose between two men whose early life and education made the one a prophet and the other a reasoning machine. One suspects that the separation was increased and embittered by the presence in the complex of two ladies of such pronounced temperament as Mrs. Carlyle and Mrs. Taylor, who became after many years Mrs. Mill. John Morley in his Recollections recalls Carlyle's opinion of Mrs. Mill: "She was a woman full of unwise intellect, always asking questions about all sorts of puzzles—why, how, what for, what makes the exact difference—and Mill was good at answers." But Mr. Neff also shows how unfortunate was the severance. "Carlyle and Mill

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were 'halves of a dissevered world.' That they should have finally regarded one another as opposed rather than complementary was England's loss and their own." Particularly England's and Europe's. For it is not hard to see in the triumph of Carlyle's extreme doctrines the seeds of present ruin. The chief occasion of personal opposition between Carlyle and Mill occurred in connection with the trial of Governor Eyre of Jamaica for his inhuman treatment of the negro inhabitants of that island, which was in the fine tradition of Dyer at Amritsar and of the American marines in Haiti. Carlyle captained the tough-minded apologists of force and cruelty, Ruskin, Tennyson, Kingsley, Froude, Dickens; Mill, the tender-minded defenders of the weak, Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, Spencer, John Morley. Mill won the principle, but Carlyle the fact—the acquittal of Governor Eyre. And so it has been ever since. Carlyle's Friedrich the Great became a text book of militarism in Germany; and, as Mr. Neff notes, "in the World War England temporarily put in practice most of the doctrines of the Latter Day Pamphlets, including a denial of suffrage." A modus vivendi between Mill and Carlyle would have been a symbol of that fusion of thought and action which the ethical world still awaits. "If Carlyle's firm grasp of actuality could have allied itself with Mill's vision of potentiality, if Mill's liberating ideas could have been clothed in the glamor and vitality of Carlyle's art, which, as Mill said, could make truth 'impressive and a living principle of action,' England might have answered many of the questions which divide her today."

The Letters of Carlyle to Mill, edited by Alexander Carlyle, were used by Mr. Neff in preparing his essay. They are of the highest importance in establishing the quality of the intimate and cordial relations between the two men in the decade of their close acquaintance, 1832-1842. On the one hand the letters bear witness to Mill's ever loyal spirit of service. Carlyle at Craigenputtock was dependent on the activity of friends in London for books and information of various sorts, and to none did he turn with more confidence than to Mill. To Mill in Paris he sent a budget of questions about persons and places involved in the story of The Diamond Necklace, and, after apologizing for "no end to your variety of functions as my Factotum," a request for a map, about a foot square, of the environs of Paris, and several books, all of which seem to have been scrupulously furnished. On the other hand, there is a wistfulness about Carlyle's letters and a groping toward the communion which he seems to have felt would supplement the power of both. "Your letters are honest genuine letters and always give me great pleasure. I prize much the feeling you entertain towards me; which indeed is of the most precious for both parties, that man can bear for man." Again: "Write to me, I pray you, with more and more heartiness; show me your feelings as well as your thoughts; and let us in all ways, while so much is permitted us, help one another as we can." Mr. Neff thinks that Mill in his eagerness to explore Carlyle's mind kept in the background of their intercourse the elements of his own thought which would have opened the chasm between them. That Carlyle was fully conscious of the difference but that he, less clearsighted than Mill, refused to admit that they were moving in opposite directions and apart, appears in a passage written in June, 1833.

> It was no secret to me that you and I differed over a whole half-universe of things, for indeed I think we stood at opposite sides of it: nevertheless I will by no means fancy with you that we are moving *from* each other, but quite contrariwise. On the whole, however, when two men are agreed in recognizing one another's common recognition of the infinite nature of Truth, there is the beginning of all profitable communion between them; and nothing is more interesting thenceforth than the friendly conflict of their differences.

Again we must say that it was a tragedy that "the conflict of their differences" could not have been fought out in friendly intercourse instead of in the lists of controversy.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Russia's Debts

Russian Debts and Russian Reconstruction; a Study of the Relation of Russia's Foreign Debts to her Economic Recovery, by Leo Pasvolsky and Harold G. Moulton. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. $2.50.

QUALIFIED students who have not been hampered by nationalistic bias, have for years been in agreement over certain essentials of the post-war situation in Europe. The war did not destroy a very large percentage of accumulated capital outside of certain limited areas where the conflict was actively conducted. Even in these areas a large fraction of the reconstruction has been completed. In France, for example, at least 70 to 80 percent, and perhaps more, has been done. To this actual destruction of accumulated capital in those areas where fighting was carried on must be added the neglect of repairs and depreciation on farms and railroads and in factories among all the belligerents. But here, too, the restoration has been general.

In other words, the war was fought chiefly with current income, the output of the farms, factories and workshops during the years of the struggle. In this sense at least the burden of the war was carried almost entirely during the years 1914-18. Burdens shifted to later years have, taking the world as a whole, largely been cared for. European intelligence, industry and thrift, with an abundance of unimpaired capital, have done wonders in a few years. The post-war heritage of trouble is of a very different sort.

It is to these other troubles that the excellent volumes published by the Institute of Economics so effectively call our attention. War financing has left a bewildered array of obligations, many of which can never be met. Internal debts can be carried more easily than external, and in some countries, for example Germany and Russia, have been disposed of by inflation and more or less open repudiation. The method is painful and highly discriminatory, but it does bring results. At least the situation is cleared of certain obstacles to recovery.

With foreign obligations it is different. National and racial feelings are more intense than class feelings within any given country, and make any quick and easy solution impossible. In France the rise of prices during and since the war has been as effective a repudiation of obligations and as real a loss to creditors as though a certain fraction of the debts had actually been cancelled. The same is true in Italy and even to a degree in England and the United States, to name only a few countries. Similarly the slump of prices has caused huge losses to many cred-

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itors. To all this there have been protests and many charges of dishonesty, but nothing that compares in vigor and virulence to the outcries when it is proposed to reduce or cancel the claim of one government against another or one group of nationals against another government or group.

There are three outstanding cases of this sort to-day. In Germany's Capacity to Pay, Messrs. Moulton and McGuire dealt with one, the problem of reparations; in the volume at hand they discuss the second, Russia's foreign indebtedness; and in volumes announced for later publication there will be discussions of the debts of certain of the European governments.

For each of the debtor countries there are three questions to be asked, as the authors have done for Russia: What is the amount of the external obligation? How, if at all, can these amounts be raised within the country? How, if at all, can these amounts be made available abroad?

Including both war and pre-war debts, private and public obligations, the total owed abroad by Russia is found to be 13,832,000,000 roubles. The principal creditors are Great Britain, France, the United States and Belgium. Of the pre-war government debt 80 percent was held in France, and 14 percent in Great Britain. France holds about one-third of the industrial securities, and Great Britain one-fourth. Great Britain holds 70 percent of the war debt, France 19 percent, the United States, 7 percent.

In calculating government receipts and expenditures for the future, allowances are made for Russia's reduced area, the disappearance of the internal debt through depreciation, a reduction of military expenditures by three-quarters, and the incurring of a new loan of three billion roubles. With these assumptions the authors estimate future general expenditures at about 2,000 million roubles (compared with 2,959 million in 1913) and debt charges at 880 million. These sums they believe can probably be raised.

Analysis of the third question is, of course, more difficult, as the Dawes Committee found it for Germany. There must be an excess of exports over imports if the necessary sums are to be paid abroad. After a careful examination of her resources the maximum amount of exports is found to be 1,725 million roubles per annum (at present price levels). Indispensable imports and service charges will be 1,620 million, leaving only 105 million roubles as a possible amount out of which to pay interest on foreign indebtedness. With the present heavy debt and the need for a new reconstruction loan, Russia must be pronounced insolvent. A reorganization is a necessity, and must ultimately come. In it the debt charges on any new loan must necessarily be given priority over all of the old obligations.

To the general analysis of the authors the reader can have only one serious objection—it is too optimistic. Internal economies will probably not be so great as they assume. Military expenditures will not shrink very greatly in the near future. Purchases abroad will not be limited so closely to necessities, and it is doubtful if a new loan could be floated on an 8 percent basis.

This criticism they would accept, and in fact do acknowledge in part. They have deliberately endeavored not to over-state their argument, but have throughout under-stated it, a wise error under the circumstances. Not many readers are prepared, even in 1924, for a more disheartening picture than the one presented.

Two handicaps were faced in the preparation of the volume. One was the necessity of making certain political assumptions, an extremely difficult matter in so controversial a field. The other difficulty was that only the past can furnish the facts on which to base an argument regarding the future. Yet the world is so dynamic and changes come at so rapidly accelerating a rate that none of us can be very sure of the morrow. Yet plans must be formed, and only the past can guide us.

Readers of the two volumes that have appeared in this series will watch for the others that have been announced for early publication.

ERNEST MINOR PATTERSON.

Spanish Liberalism

The Genius of Spain, by Salvador de Madariaga. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.35.

The Tragic Sense of Life, by Miguel de Unamuno, translated from the Spanish by J. E. C. Flitch. London: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

SPANISH literature has in recent years been making an ever increasing claim on cosmopolitan readers; and one naturally expects that a book on this theme published by the Oxford University Press will contain something substantial if not new. Alas! Though the preface and the table of contents of Madariaga's book promise a number of portraits of contemporary figures in Spanish literature, we have in fact very little concrete portraiture or even definite information but rather vague commonplace generalizations as to the genius of the Spanish soul, the Spanish language, and the diverse geographic subdivisions of the Spanish Peninsula. Thus: "Spaniards are never depressing . . . While France and Italy are eminently intellectual and critical, Spain is eminently intuitive and creative. . . . Spanish is of course the most beautiful of all languages and Don Quixote the greatest book written in any European language."

Those who, like Taine, wish to turn literary criticism into a rigorous science, are now deservedly in bad repute. The phenomena of literature are too subtle and complicated for the simple methods which these critics assumed. But the reaction against science and rationalism makes literary critics capable of such irresponsible and downright silly generalizations as the following: "Usually, however, French poets have been named by nature (!) with true poetic insight. The names (!) of Villon, Marot, Baudelaire, Leconte de Lisle, are true portraits of the poets who bore them."

Similar to this mystical nonsense about names is the geographic mysticism which finds an exact parallel between the topography of the various regions of Spain and the minds of its most distinguished writers. In general, despite its continual emphasis on the uniqueness of the Spanish genius, this book is rather typical of all those countries which are renewing contact with the main stream of European literature and are aping its superficial commonplaces which happen to be now extremely anti-rationalistic. Madariaga would of course resent this statement. He tells us that "Catalonia (the industrial part of Spain) endeavors to be like Europe. Asturias, endeavors to be fully and consciously herself, and this is

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more truly European." But is it not truly European and human to endeavor to be like our more prosperous neighbors? Fashions in dress are very emphatic in this connection.

Of the various essays in this book the one on Unamuno is the most substantial as well as timely.

When the French edition of Unamuno's book appeared some years ago, I read it through and put it down as the work of a Spanish Chesterton who uses the violently paradoxical language of Nietzsche to preach the gospel of the Spanish Inquisition. But the recent banishment of Unamuno by the Spanish Military Directory, and the widespread protest of European radicals against it, suggested to me that possibly I had overlooked the element of liberalism in a man who has shown he can defy militarism and monarchy in Spain. The English edition, neatly translated by Mr. J. E. C. Flitch and carefully revised by Unamuno himself, gave me the opportunity to go over the ground again.

Alas! There can be no doubt about the spiritual kinship of Unamuno with Torquemada and Ignatius Loyola. For not only does he justify the church in condemning Galileo but he emphatically extols the inquisition. "The inquisitor," he tells us in Chestertonian fashion, "treats me as a man, as an end in myself, and if he molests me it is from a charitable wish to save my soul; while the merchant on the other hand regards me merely as a customer, as a means to an end. This indulgence and tolerance is at bottom nothing but a supreme indifference to my destiny. [What a blessing if all inquisitors became so indifferent to our destiny as to cease to torture and burn us.] Similarly there is much more humanity in war than in peace. War is the school of fraternity and the bond of love. [Witness France, Germany, and the Balkans.] Human love knows no purer embrace or one more fruitful in its consquences than that between victor and vanquished on the battlefield."

Of course no self-respecting liberal can side with the irresponsible gang of militarists that now rule Spain in the name of a royal poltroon. To exile a great teacher and literary figure is mean and despicable even when it can be justified from his own words. Yet the urgent truth which liberals or progressives most need to recognize is that every rebel is not necessarily a liberator. The failure to discriminate between the new and the true has led to the vogue, among many who think themselves advanced, of a profoundly reactionary irrationalism of which Unamuno's book is a consistent expression—to the extent that irrationalism can be consistent.

Like most men Unamuno feels intensely the desire for personal immortality as the everlasting continuance of his flesh and blood existence. But he is too intelligent to be taken in by any of the so-called proofs of immortality offered by metaphysicians or psychical researchers. Not having the wise courage to recognize in this fact—as tragic as you please—one of the fundamental limitations of human existence, like the inability to revive our dead friends or bring back the past years, Unamuno flies into a frenzy against reason as anti-vital. Indeed he himself characterizes his procedure as full of "arbitrary apothegms, inconsistent statements, and veritable somersaults of thought."

Despite or because of Unamuno's wide reading, there is nothing very novel in his repeated but incoherent insistence that life is anti-rational. For he himself sees at times that reason is but the effort to find out the actual weight of things; and it is vain to try to tip the scales by irrational faith. Things will weigh what they do anyway. Some of the arguments of these irrationalists in favor of vital lies are very ingenious indeed; but after all how does their wisdom differ from that of the ostrich?

Though he writes as a Catholic, Unamuno is in heretical rebellion against the large rôle which the church allows to reason. For with characteristic worldly wisdom the Catholic church has recognized the folly of disarming faith by throwing away reason. It has, therefore, consistently condemned the romantic doctrine that the truths of religion are anti-rational. Indeed, it is because Unamuno himself has, in his divided consciousness a sense of the ineffectiveness of human life or even imagination when unsupported by reason that his book is so pathetically poignant.

With that disregard for consistency which is typical of all irrationalists, Unamuno, like Balaam, is frequently moved to bless when he sets out to curse reason. Thus: It is advocacy, not true science "that teaches the distrust of reason. . . . True science teaches above all to doubt and to admit our ignorance. . . . Science is over and above all a school of sincerity and humility." It teaches us "to submit our reason to the truth and to know and judge of things as they are . . . and not as one would have them be. . . . The unpalatable and even disastrous consequences of a doctrine do not prove it false."

But these heroic insights are not safe in the keeping of an irrationalist. For he also denies them when so inclined. Nor does he hesitate to make the most absurd statements as to matters of fact. Naturally, also, his views as to human conduct suffer from the same uncontrolled caprice. Despite his attachment to the life of flesh and blood—at times rather sordid and decidedly unheroic—he condemns the opposition to war as a sentimental exaggeration of the worth of our transitory life. Despite his "vital" faith in immortality he cannot suppress the lurking doubt: Who knows! Indeed, he is not free from the irrationalist's tormenting doubt as to his own sanity. With characteristic irresponsibility, Unamuno always refers to Spinoza as the unhappy rationalist. But when we contrast the urbane serenity of Spinoza (under conditions of ill health and the contempt of his fellow men) with the agonized and tortured consciousness displayed in this book, the result is most illuminating.

Difficult indeed is the task of reason and many interests must be sacrificed in its pursuit. Sad, also, is the fate of those moderns who have a taste or smattering of scientific method without having mastered it. But it is sheer folly to assume that reason and science destroy life or personality by analyzing it or its conditions. It is the men of weak faith or of disturbing inner doubt that are so irritated by the expression of doubt in others as to be driven to the tactics of Torquemada and our own Luskers.

The really robust faith of science is not so easily disturbed, and it invites critical analysis. So likewise it is only the theorist that lacks intellectual stamina who opposes the claims of life to the claims of reason. Men of intellectual vitality use their reason to make the world more viable. But this vitality, it must be admitted, is a gift which the gods grant and take away; and it is the frail character of this reason, together with the absence of any other reliable light in time of doubt, that constitutes the characteristically human tragedy.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

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Essays by John J. Chapman

Letters and Religion, by John J. Chapman. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. $2.50.

THIS small volume of short lengths—and of shorter ones—has not quite the structural unity that its title implies. Unification is to be sought for less in the author's present pages than in his own mind and nature. In terse and sinewy fashion he speaks a word for the classics, hushes down the obstreperousness of recent science, calls for a measure of quietude amidst the hurly-burly of the modern day, and bows a head, chastened by experience, to the teachings of Christ. Making a fusion of such elements in this latest gathering of Mr. Chapman's essays, the reader arrives at a consolidated impression of the book and the man.

Here, as elsewhere, he is stoutly for the classical authors; and those of us who have been inclined to believe that the chief defense of the ancient texts came from professors narrowly concerned for the safety of vested interests,may find in these pages a better reason. Art and letters, our essayist maintains, speak a language that comes from behind the work rather than from within it. The Greeks and Romans are permanently "there." Horace represents an "eternal type of gentleman" who appears periodically whether under tyrannies, democracies, or socialisms; and one reason for the persistence of such a phenomenon is that civilization is a continuous stream and passes on with the race.

Mr. Chapman's allegiance is all to a non-scientific past. He scales down science to a "branch of domestic convenience." He pronounces it a bad influence on all forms of literary and artistic and moral criticism, because it deals with externals and cannot cope with the personal mystery that lies behind every act and thought of our lives. If science fails us in authoritative views on education, that is because the education of the young has always formed a part of the religion of every age. The Roman virtue and Roman piety, to which Horace—once more—owes so much of his power and charm, were implanted in him as a part of his religious training. "It was much more than a philosophy or than a psychology—the discipline of the ages that lay behind it. Thus is the levity and flippancy of our present younger generation sufficiently accounted for.

Against the excesses of an over-strenuous day our author counsels quietude, relaxation, submission: it is often as good to relax the mind as to relax the muscles; sheer waiting becomes almost the essence of religious truth. Passivity is found passim. Quietism hovers over every page. Throughout one feels the wings of Molinos beating the air, and asks how soon he will alight. That event finally occurs toward the end, on page 111—the book, as I have said, is short—where the Spanish mystic, resembling a tapestry record of centuries of pious experience, makes any of our recent New Thought handbooks, "with their crude dogmas, arbitrary psychology and rough dealing," seem like a rag carpet. Such—this last—is hardly the magic fabric to waft one away into a state of "mystical receptivity and rest." The essence of Molinos's value would seem to lie in teaching one how to accomplish holiness by not trying to accomplish it.

The most extended of these brief papers is one concerned with the Story and Sayings of Christ. Pause is made on the "domestic miscellaneousness" of Christ's teachings—on their comprehensive serviceability in the exigencies of daily living: the Sayings have inexhaustible meanings ambushed in their texts and enter men's hearts in the wake of grief. "A man must have been disgraced and in jail to know many of them." Wer nie sein Brod—as put by the "altissima poeta" of the Germans, rather than by an American essayist in a moment comparatively relaxed and homespun.

A manly, unaffected book, this; full of independence and frank-mindedness; touched here and there with the Emersonian and gnomic; in sturdy reaction from most of the admired idols of the day; and charged with that articulateness which gives shape to the unexpressed thought of the many. After a weary and trying generation of days, the tide seems to be turning; and numbers of the dissatisfied should catch this book as the turn is made.

HENRY B. FULLER.

Sandoval

Sandoval, by Thomas Beer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE contagion of Hayes-Garfield romance has spread to the younger generation, and Mr. Thomas Beer tries his dexterous hand at portraying post-Civil War society and its scandals. The first shock of apparent anachronism in his distractingly impressionistic style diminishes when we recall the period of Manet and Renoir, and we perceive Mr. Beer as a chronologically justified "pointilliste," creating his effects of personage and setting by the sparkling interplay of descriptive highlights. The simplicity of the dialogue and the sound construction of the narrative contrast agreeably with the complication of their background—although the chief interest of the book lies in manner rather than matter.

D. B. W.

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